

BOSS OF THE USA: SPRINGSTEEN HITS THE ROAD

HIGH TIMES

NOVEMBER 1984

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CANADA \$3.95

Uncle Sam's Pot

How
Good
Is It?

Exploring the
Legendary
Golden Triangle

Sinsemilla Perfume



SINGER

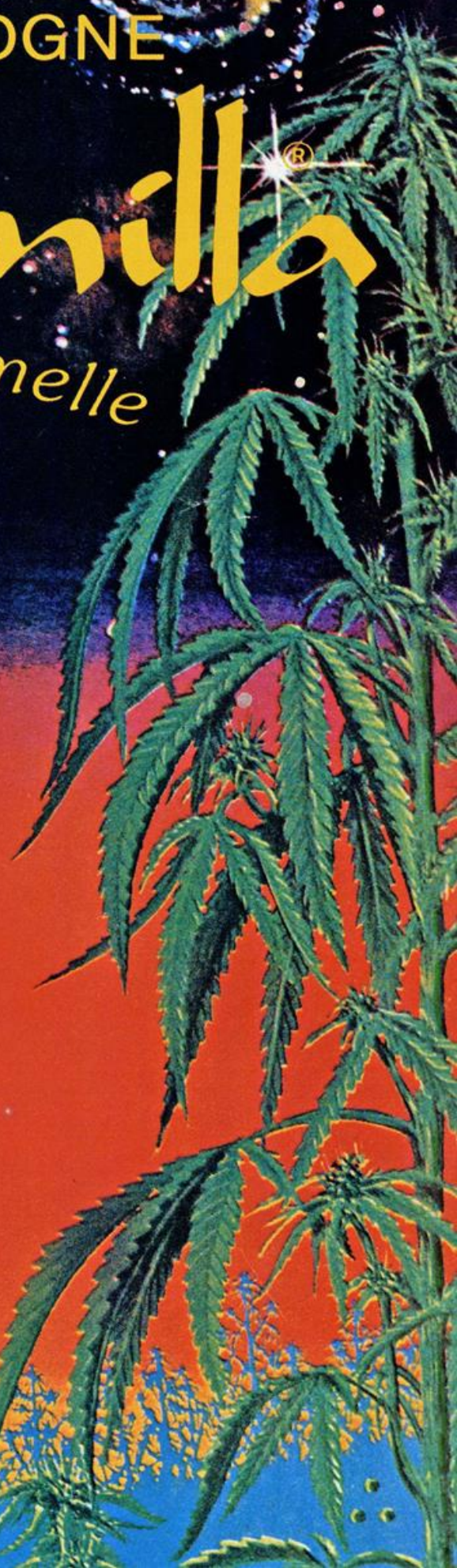


PARFUM • COLOGNE

Sinsemilla[®]

de la fleur femelle

Paris



PARFUM • COLOGNE

Sinsemilla®

de la fleur femelle
Paris

Sensual, Seductive, Sexually Psychoactive

Parfum • Cologne **Sinsemilla** was inspired by the highly psychoactive fragrance of the illicit virgin female Cannabis Indica marijuana flower.

Sinsemilla, a mood intensifying fragrance, benignly addictive, was developed, perfected and blended by master perfumer Raphael Marotta in his laboratories at the House of Dinard over a five year period.

The **Sinsemilla** fragrance is a radically innovative concept in osmatics. It contains newly created rare, exotic domestic and imported organic essences that evoke psychosexual responses in both women and men.

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Cologne	for men	Flacon	Flacon	Flacon	for women	Cologne
for men						for women
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Ladies' and gentlemen's limited edition designer shirts as pictured above, are \$12.00 each. Specify XS, S, M, L, XL, men's or women's, when ordering.

Sinsemilla Parfums and Cosmetics, concept and design by Don Alton Herrington.

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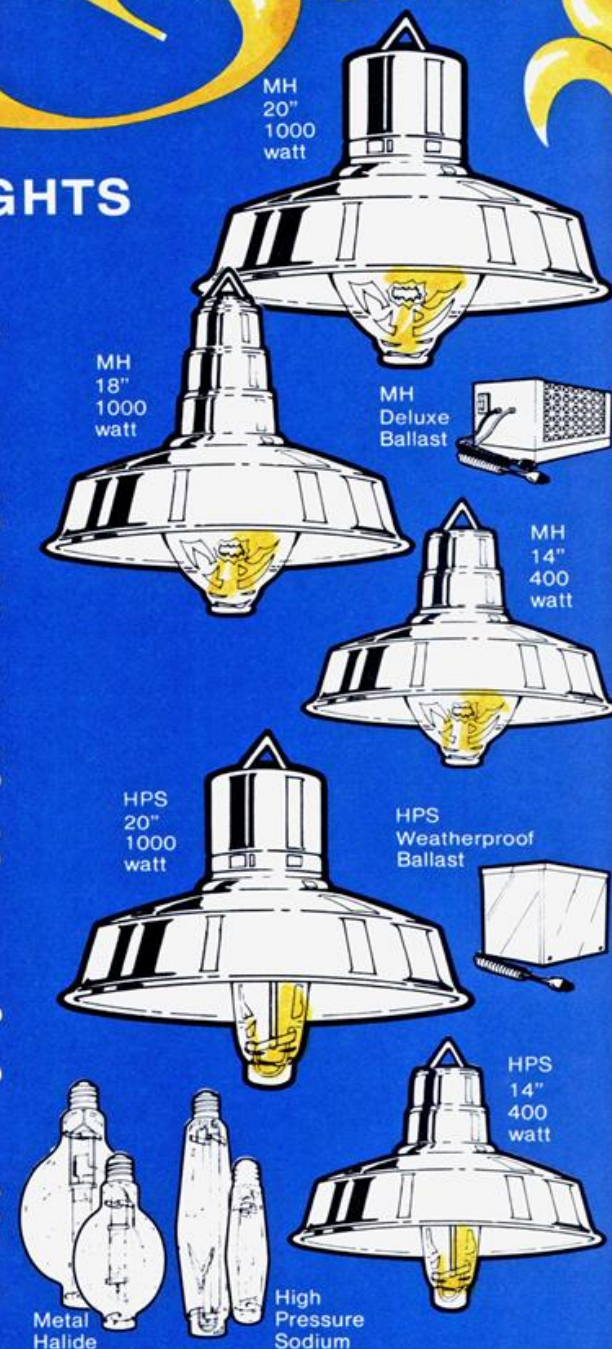
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HIGH TIMES

No. 111

November '84

FEATURES

Outlaws in Babylon, Part I by Steve Chapple

Most people know that sinsemilla-growing in Northern California is risky business. But what they don't know is that the Reagan administration's pot policy has escalated the drug war into something mean and ugly, and sooner or later growers will be stuffing body bags as well as nickel bags

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Interview: The Fugs by Richard Fantina

This past summer in New York one of the most innovative and influential bands of the 1960s reunited for a series of concerts. The group was/is called the Fugs. Led by Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg, the Fugs were poets who used the raw energy of rock 'n' roll to power an unblinking vision of contemporary America. This month they talk about their work then, now and in the intervening 20 years

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Tasting Uncle Sam's Stash by Ed Rosenthal

Our own Ed Rosenthal recently got turned on to some of Uncle Sam's own personal stash. The government grows their pot for persons suffering from glaucoma and cancer—but Ed feels they're selling beat stuff

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In Golden Triangle the Poppies Grow by Lola "Dinamita" Gonzales

Situated on the Burmese-Thai border, the village of the Akha tribe lies at the heart of the notorious Golden Triangle. For centuries this part of the world has been to opium production what Detroit has been to automobiles. HIGH TIMES takes you on a tour of this legendary region

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Steven Lack Portfolio

Steven Lack is a Toronto-born artist who lives and works in New York's Lower East Side. His oil paintings, which have been exhibited throughout Europe and the USA, depict confrontational situations charged with imminent violence, and our art director tells us it's all very post-fallout. We're telling you we think you'll like his stuff

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That Fabulous Fragrance: Introducing Sinsemilla Perfume by Dean Latimer

Do you mean that someone's actually gone and synthesized the smell of top-grade sinsemilla so's women can douse themselves with it and get their men so excited they won't know whether they're high or horny? That's exactly what we mean

66

Fuzz Against Junk by Norman Rubington

This month HIGH TIMES begins its serialization of a premiere underground dope classic. Faced with a tidal wave of weird and bizarre drug-related offenses, the New York City police department in desperation reaches out to the only man in the world who can stem the tide, Sir Ed in Fuzz

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Coke Market Creates Boom for Base Labs... Dope Czar Wins Coke War... Florida Bound? Don't Get Burned... NORML Lawyers Offer New Tips for Pot Defense

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Cover: Illustration by Steven Max Singer

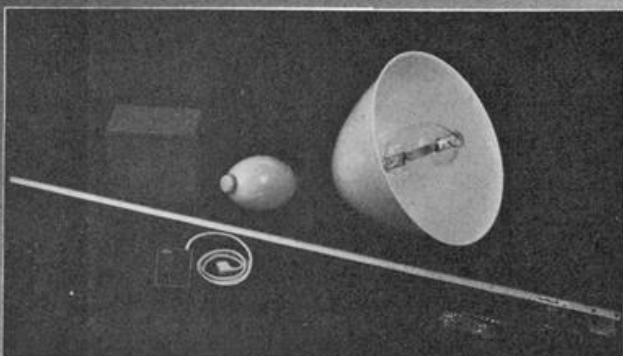


IT MOVES!

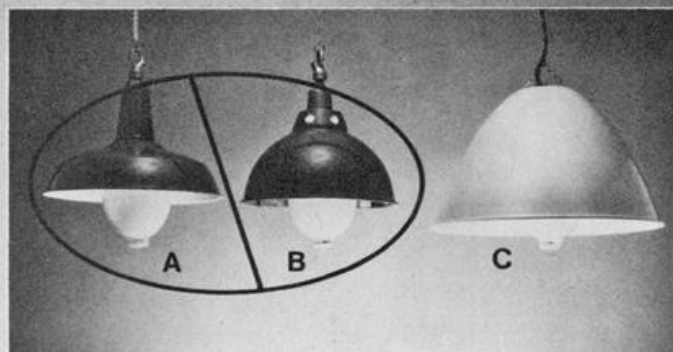
Solar Shuttle...

Patent #4,44,1145

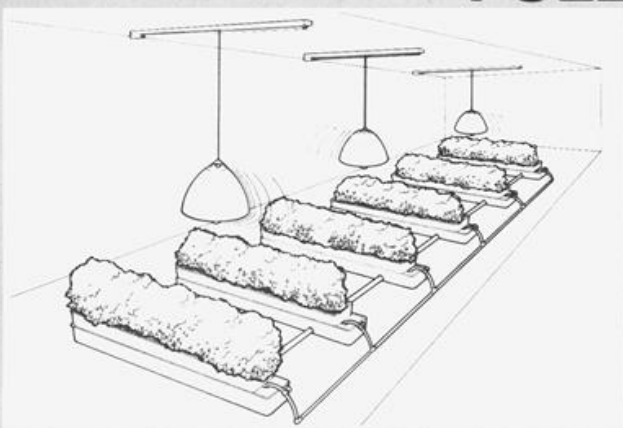
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LARRY SLOMAN
Art Director
DAN ZEDEK

Articles Editor
GEORGE BARKIN
Executive Almighty Editor
DEAN LATIMER
Managing Editor
C. REISNER-BOYD

Film Editor
MICHAEL WILMINGTON
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ROBERT ANTON WILSON

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CHRIS HOWLAND
Art & Design Assistant
SANTIAGO COHEN
Typesetter
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Contributing Artists and Photographers
STEVE COOPER, JOHN FARRELL, BOB GUGLIELMO,
LISA HAUN, MICHAEL KIENITZ, STEVEN KRONINGER,
DEBBIE LEAVITT, DAVID PERRY, HOWARD ROSENBERG,
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EDWARD GATES
Assistant Controller
SHEILA AVON
Accounting Manager
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Staff
CHARLES BROWN, JONATHAN DAVID,
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Advertising

East Coast
SHERRY LUTZ, *Manager*
MAX HARRIS, *Representative*

Promotion Director
MONIQUE COPELAND

National Advertising Office
17 West 60th Street
New York, NY 10023 (212) 974-1990

West Coast
STEVE BECKER, *Manager*

West Coast Advertising Office
P.O. Box 33-Suite 373
Long Beach, CA 90801 (213) 493-3714

Founding Editor
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November 1984 • No. 111 • HIGH TIMES (ISSN #0362-630X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Robert Aronson, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$24.50, 24 issues for \$44.50 • Single copy price: \$3.25 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$30.50, 24 issues for \$56 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$30.50 • All other countries by airmail: \$59 • Offices at 17 West 60th St., New York, NY 10023 • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Copyright © 1984 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. **All advertising and advertised products void where prohibited.** Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

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Hydro-Tech		NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	PUMP	NO
Light Machine		NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	PUMP	NO
Vortex		NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	PUMP	NO
Solar Shuttle		NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	PUMP	NO

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* photograph presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled
"Factors Controlling Resin Production and Plant Growth", pertains to any plant."

Endangering National Security

Editor:

What's going on? In Dean Latimer's "G.I. Joe Goes to the Drug War..." [HIGH TIMES, Aug. '84], I read about the botched-up job the military is making of trying to stop drug trafficking. It seems that the Department of Defense is being pushed into an area they think could have disastrous implications for our national security. (How many generals do you think the mob's already bought?) So then I'm watching TV and I see the mayor of New York screaming for a stronger military presence in drug enforcement. Didn't he read the General Accounting Office's report, quoted extensively in Latimer's piece, that characterized the whole operation as a fiasco?

—Name and address withheld

L We think Mayor Koch is probably too busy running our glorious city to personally pore over long, complicated GAO reports on the international dope trade. (Of course, we could be wrong. He may not be busy at all.) We think it was probably a couple of his flunkies who read that report and fed him bits and pieces of it for his standard drug-abuse sermon. Of course,

they didn't feed him the parts about how the Department of Defense and the General Accounting Office solidly agree that it would be a permanent, irremediable catastrophe for the military to get involved with drug-law enforcement, domestically or on the high seas. That would have undermined his sure-sell pitch to the crowd about declaring literal war on dope traffickers. That's so fucking cynical, it personally makes me want to vote Democrat this year. Yes, sir, we're rooting for Mondale. Everybody ought to vote for Mondale. He gets HIGH TIMES Magazine's endorsement. With friends like Ed Koch, he deserves it. —Ed.

A Reader Writes...

Editor:

Your magazine has degenerated into 100 percent garbage. I recommend having the first five people

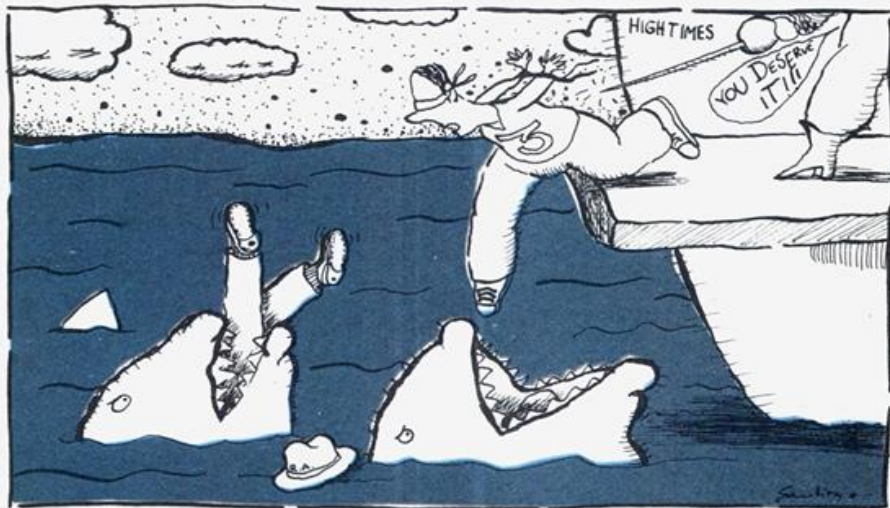


Illustration by Santiago Cohen

listed on the masthead shot. The rest of the employees you can just fire, provided they sign an oath never to work in magazine publishing again.

—A concerned reader
New York, N.Y.

Betel-Nut Nut

Editor:

Thanks for the selected recipes from that classic volume, *The Hashish Cookbook* [HIGH TIMES, July '84]. I lost my copy somewhere around 1975 and haven't been able to savor the taste of a Betel-Nut Malted since. I've also begun making my own bhang. I haven't been this happy in years. Thanks a ton.

—The Angel
Eugene, Ore.

Bad Guys Say It Best

Editor:

After reading your Flashes item on the Bad Guy's Quote Book [HIGH TIMES, June '84] I went out and bought myself a copy. The book is great and I think Singer did a fine job researching all the material. But the real reason I wrote is to say that the *baddest* quotes of all were taken from your late founder and publisher Thomas Forcade: "I was only giving orders," and "So I lied. So what." He must have been one helluva guy.

—Slim Jim
Miami, Fla.

The Chosen Comic

Editor:

Your July interview with Richard Belzer was quite good. For years

me and my wife have been hearing about how talented a man he was, yet it was only recently that we managed to see him perform. Well, he certainly lived up to his reputation. He told some extremely funny jokes and did some outlandish impressions (for instance, an eighty-year-old Bob Dylan singing like a Rolling Stone). All in all, as Jew comics go, I'd rate him as one of the best ever. Keep up the good work.

—Phil Heinz
Somewhere in Reagan Country

Getting What They Deserve

Editor:

Enough has already been written in your magazine deploring the degradation heaped upon the culture by coke-crazed megalomaniacs scamming and fast-talking their way to a chunk of the American dream. Now, according to your news story of August '84 ["U.S. Money Supply Gilded with Coke"], the despoiling is complete. How sweetly ironic that the whole slimeball huckster capitalistic trip reeks of its controlled-substance analogue. The coke scene is a microcosm of Reagan's Amerika and they both deserve each other.

—Name and address withheld

Please Pass the... Never Mind

Editor:

When are you going to tell the public about the secret conspiracy to enslave this country's population (especially the urban poor) through the use of chemical additives in the

/ continued on page 10

LETTERS



Pat. Pend.

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— Ed Rosenthal

"It simulates phytotron high energy plant conditions for 1/10 the price."

— Ed Rosenthal

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/ continued from page 8
food supply? What's going on is
this: By loading down American
foodstuffs with excessive amounts
of these chemical additives these
sinister forces are creating a race of
addicts, who once their supply is
cut off, will roam throughout the
land creating trouble for everybody.
Then the silent schemers who got
them addicted will make themselves
known and offer their precious
chemicals to these desperate
addicts in exchange for... *whatever
they want!* Then these bastards will
have a giant robot/addict army to
take over the country with. This
situation should not be ignored. I
know this letter makes me sound
crazy, but take it from me—I'm not.
If you still don't believe me, just
look at France—it's already
happened there!

—Alexander
Detroit, Mich.

Vote Reagan Out

Editor:

I want to warn your readers about
the danger of voting for Ronald
Reagan in the upcoming election.
One does not have to think hard to
remember the atrocities he and his
administration have accomplished
during his term. Increasing the
military budget by \$517 million,
and decreasing the aid to the poor
by \$18 million is a crime I will not
soon forget. I am sure the readers
of this fine magazine can easily
remember what the president has
tried to do to our supply of head-
stash. I believe the country will
not survive if he is elected again.

—Name withheld
DeKalb, Ill.

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8. Mag 357
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100 @ \$4.50

Caffeine Capsules

9. Green & Clear Capsule
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100 @ \$4.50
10. Blue & Clear Capsule
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100 @ \$4.50

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Perverse and Worse

Editor:

When Bill Levy says in his article on tobacco in your September issue that he's more worried about being a few pounds overweight than contracting lung cancer, is he kidding or what? I know he's got some sort of reputation as an intellectual, but talk like that sounds plain stupid to me.

—Alan Parks

San Diego, Calif.

Green Hills of Virginia

Editor:

Here in West Virginia dope prices are very odd. They range from near give-away to rip-off extremes.

Local homegrown in the pan-handle ranges from an unbelievable \$10 a ¼ oz. for top-grade leaves to \$75 for a ¼ lb. quantity.

Local sinse ranges from \$5 a gram for baby buds to \$25 a quarter oz. for some kick-ass tops. Pounds are great for a shocking \$800.

Colombian is the rip-off here. Dealers are stuck on one price, no matter what the quality. If the dope is high-grade, the price seems reasonable at \$80-100 an oz., but the same price goes for moldy base-moment stash.

—L.W.

W. Va.

Simply Put

Editor:

I have recently become aware of the problem NORML and other small groups are having in getting the government to legalize mari-

/ continued on page 15



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Do what you can for posterity—

DON'T VOTE FOR REAGAN

With this November 1984 issue of **HIGH TIMES**, we feel the time has come for some straight talk with you, our readers, about what's really at stake in the upcoming election. To begin with: *everything*.

After enduring almost four years of a government headed by Ronald Reagan, it has become obvious to us that a reactionary revolution is taking place within this country that *critically endangers* not only the personal freedom and

human rights presumably guaranteed us by the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights—not merely the eco-

nomic well-being and mental stability of human culture—but the survival of life itself on this planet.

If you think this sounds far-fetched or exaggerated, you've been out to lunch. (Like where's your attention been stashed? Sex? Drugs? MTV? HBO? The stock market?) Because the appalling reality is that *it's true*: We now live in a world whose ecological foundation is collapsing beneath the weight of rapacious exploitation; whose cultural continuities are disintegrating under the economic pressures of the multi-national mega-corp's; whose ballooning population is becoming ever more impoverished and malnourished, poisoned by pollution and susceptible to disease; and

whose reservoirs of wealth are, meanwhile, almost wholly squandered on war machines and weapons of doom.

Get the picture? Presiding over this depressing global scene as its head-honcho power brokers, we have, on one hand, a secretive clique of paranoid old men who rule their millions of subjects through an elaborate system of repression and fear—while on “our side” we have a government in the hands of the moneyed elite and their partners in crime, with a movie star as its front man, and a populace programmed to be self-centered and self-indulgent (and thereby rendered dumb and harmless) by the never-ending media carnival.

To top it off, both these assemblages of aging and unsteady ideologues now have the thermonuclear forces of the sun to deploy in whatever destructive fashion they see fit, and are constantly threatening to use them in the obliteration of us all, should one side rock the other's boat too hard. Were it not for the fact that these “world leaders” are clearly deranged enough to follow through with their threats, all the participants in this insane “balance of terror,” which could justifiably be described as flat-out *evil*, ought to have been already tried and sentenced for crimes against humanity.

But it's a stalemate. And it's the stalemate—they keep telling us—which keeps us alive.

Can there be any doubt that the entire world would breathe easier knowing that Ronald Reagan had been backed off from his mainline connection to the doomsday machine? It should be remembered that, although Ronnie is a mere cardboard front man for the corporate entities which hold the real power (in a sense he is *still* the spokesman for General Electric), for almost four years it has been his final decision, and his alone, whether to unleash nuclear Armageddon.

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Illustration by Bob Guglielmo

FLASHES



Julian Beck at Mount Sinai



● Julian Beck and his wife Malina—*Om Shantih*.

Julian Beck, guiding spirit of The Living Theatre, which radicalized the New York stage in the 1960s, is fighting for his life in the cancer wing of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. He is happy that the hospital workers are striking outside his window. He listens to the music of his beloved revolution as liquid nourishment flows through plastic tubes into his body. Faint pools of illumination glow in the room. Is this the ailing King, the Wonder Rabbi himself surrounded by his family and friends, so uncomplaining? His smile lights the room, his presence a gift given freely. Even the hospital staff seems touched as if by a magic wand. Could they be angels? His wife, Judith Malina, arranges the room, keeps the dialogue going, writes in her diaries. Was not their way always that of exposure—exposure of limitations, exposure of themselves, exposure of possibilities? Even to revelation. Here in ultimate exposure the Great Theatre of Life unfolds. A great soul gives *darshan* from his hospital bed. The sure fragrance of good grass concludes the paragraph.

Julian Beck, Visionary & Practical Idealist

Julian Beck, Radical Vegetarian

Julian Beck, Eagle-Angel of Anarchism

Julian Beck, Egyptian Cosmonaut of Inner Space

Julian Beck, Ambassador of the Star Tribe and Father of Rainbow Gatherings
Julian Beck, the Essence

Ilion, who plays Sentinel of the Night, informs me that R.D. Laing said of Julian and Judith—"I love them. They are so provocative."

From *Songs of the Revolution* by Julian Beck come the following lines—

not interested in legalizing marijuana

not interested in electing a better police commissioner

we do not need restrictive law

it's not that no one kills

it's that everyone lives

Julian Beck—Poet, Painter, Political Activist

Julian Beck—Actor, More than the Sum of His Roles

Julian Beck—Prophet of Love

We say Om Shantih to your brow,
to your eyes, to your beak
Om Shantih to your heart, to your belly,
to your cock
Om Shantih to your feet

Again we are dreaming of eaglefeathers.

You who control the mystery of shapechanging, commend our prayer.

Our Desire Is Remedy

In a dazzling display of electrical

energy, Julian the dreamer strives to fulfill our wish. The friends of Julian Beck throughout the world are now gathering to join in communion. Benefits are being simultaneously arranged in New York, San Francisco, Paris and Amsterdam. On September 6th in Los Angeles, Sheldon Rochlin & Maxine Harris' definitive film, *Signals Through the Flames*, the Story of the Living Theatre, began its run at the Nuart Theater with a benefit screening followed by a live tribute from Timothy Leary, Martin Sheen, Jerome Rothenberg and Paul Krassner, among others. On September 7th in London, Al Pacino and the cast of David Mamet's play, *American Buffalo*, donated the proceeds of a special midnight performance. In San Francisco poets Michael McClure, Diane DiPrima and Lawrence Ferlinghetti gave a reading.

Beck, who has also appeared in films of Pasolini and Bertolucci, just completed his role as a Jewish gunman in Francis Ford Coppola's *Cotton Club*. The Living Theatre recently returned to New York from Europe, where they performed four plays in repertory including *The Archaeology of Sleep* written by Beck just before he was hospitalized for the first time in France.

—Ira Cohen

Grandma Get Your Gun



Social Security

● Is this what it takes to get your fair share in Reagan's America?



● "My belief in God is the strongest belief in my life."—Naura Hayden

Decline of Western Civ Department

"God adores me and wants me to have everything I want"—then I list all the things I want (and you pick all the things you've ever really wanted, and realize that if God *does* adore you, you'll get all these terrific things—success, love, a joyful marriage, friends, money, a great job, a terrific apartment, gorgeous clothes, fame, an emerald bracelet, a new car, a baby). Whoever *really* loved you would have given you *anything* you wanted, right? And if God *adores* you, and you not only believe it but you *feel* it, that feeling will grow till you feel more and more loved, and you feel more and more deserving of everything you want. It's very important to smile broadly...

—From *How to Satisfy a Woman... and have her beg for more*, by Naura Hayden

Don't Vote for Reagan

/ continued from page 14

So how do you really feel, down there in your gut, about Ronnie retaining his access to the red telephone for four more years? Four more years of advancing and ever more patriotic senility?

One thing four more years of a Reagan administration is sure to bring—one of special interest to readers of this magazine—is a severe restriction of our right to use whatever substance we please to do whatever we wish with our minds and bodies. The hardcore right-wingers who have been finding increasing representation on the Supreme Court bench, thanks to Ronnie's appointments, don't really care if you go ahead and fuck up your mind and body with alcohol and tobacco—their drugs of choice—but they'd rather poison you with paraquat than allow you to legally smoke grass or eat a psychedelic and risk their con game being

/ continued on page 96

/ continued from page 11
 juana. There are millions and millions of us "smokers," and if we all would just write our legislators and tell them to make pot legal, they would have to either make up a bill or lose our vote. If everyone in every state did this, I think we could pull it off; don't fight the system, use it. And with the power of NORML, combined with the massive power of millions of us pot-smoking, voting Americans, we could be a force to reckon with. Help make '84 the year of the bud.
 —Ron
 Address withheld

Information Please

Editor:

Your readers need to be told that:

The phone companies can now trace all calls. Anonymous tipping is nonexistent. Many phone-company employees listen in just for entertainment.

Do not use the same pay phone each time you call. They can find out who you called and where from by the push of a button.

They may now legally listen if they suspect dope deals.

NORML should stop trying to "legalize" grass. Grass is legal. They should try to repeal "illegality." And why doesn't anyone try to make a Supreme Court case out of our supposed right to the pursuit of happiness?

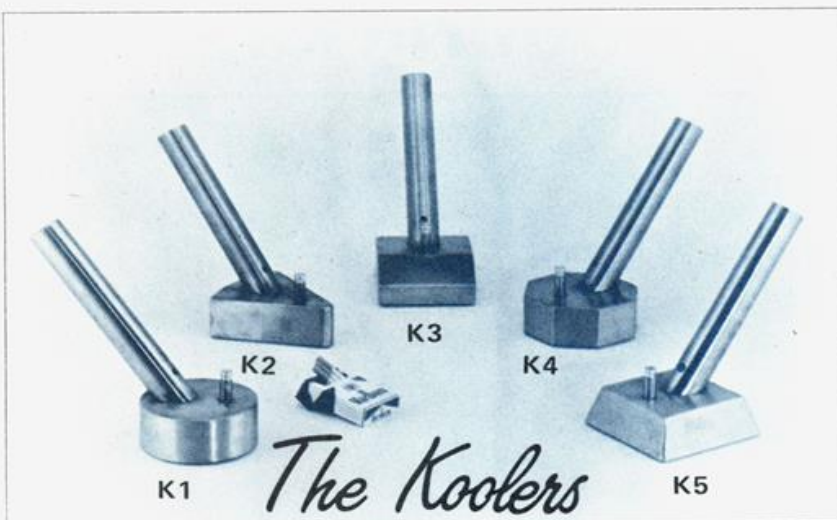
Illegality does not equal immorality.

Bravo to Eugene Wheelwright, "Higher Times," No. 107, 7/84. You guys better wake up to your "constituency" before it gets discovered by someone with wits enough to do it right. You must look to the future. Forty million people's rights are being badly abused and you are the only voice even approximating the truth. Feed the hungry, guys, or the hungry will feed on you. (I send my mother HT when I'm done.)

I just bought a dime bag of "sinse" in the park. A half a gram! Dime of gold was one gram on a weekday, one-half on a weekend.

New Yorkers know the seat-belt law is pissing everybody off—dopers have an ally there and should capitalize on it. Paternal lawmakers will be telling you how to wipe your ass in a couple of years.

—Name and address withheld



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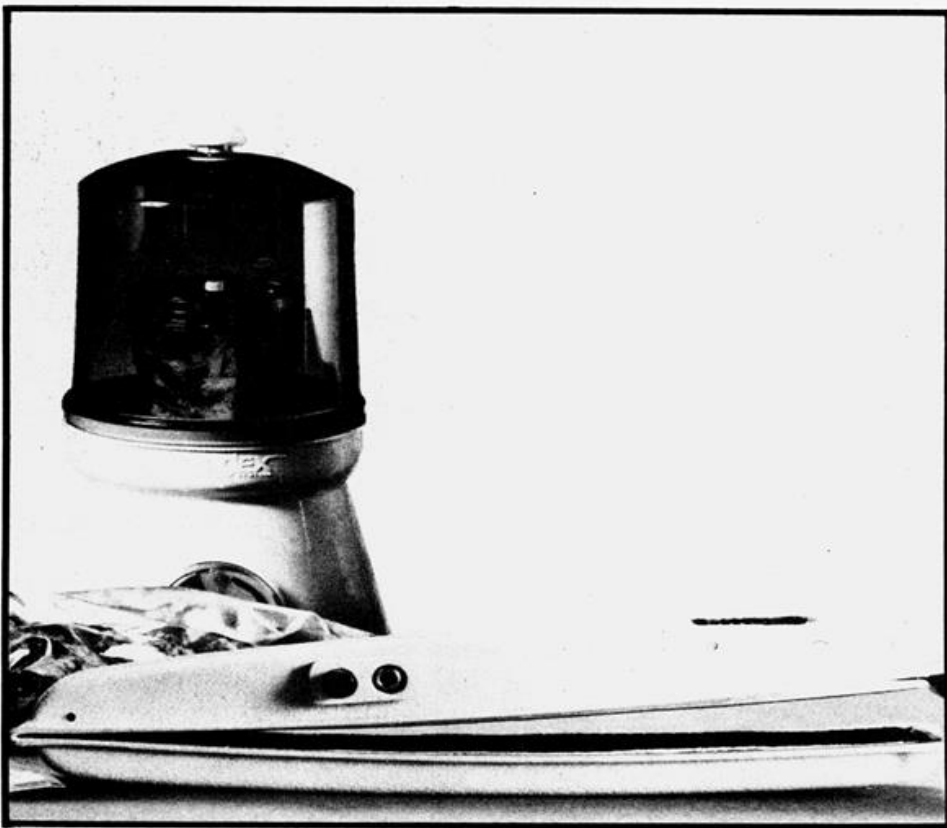
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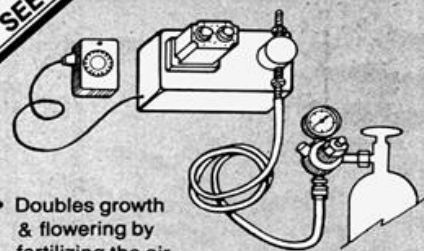
'Cause saying that would be against the paraphernalia law in a whole bunch of states. But they must *mean* that. Or else why would they be sending *us* all their promo material? Nobody's ever took us for a home-making magazine before. Then again, maybe we're just being paranoid, you know, from all that pot we've been smoking. Sure, you *could* use the Spandex Vacuum Bag-sealer to keep mom's apple pie fresh.

SPANNING THE GLOBE...

Next month HIGH TIMES takes you on a trip across the planet with feature stories on Spain after the legalization, youth culture behind the Berlin Wall, and international tariff agreements permitting, a firsthand look at some startling new developments in the land of the rising microchip.

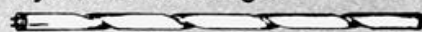
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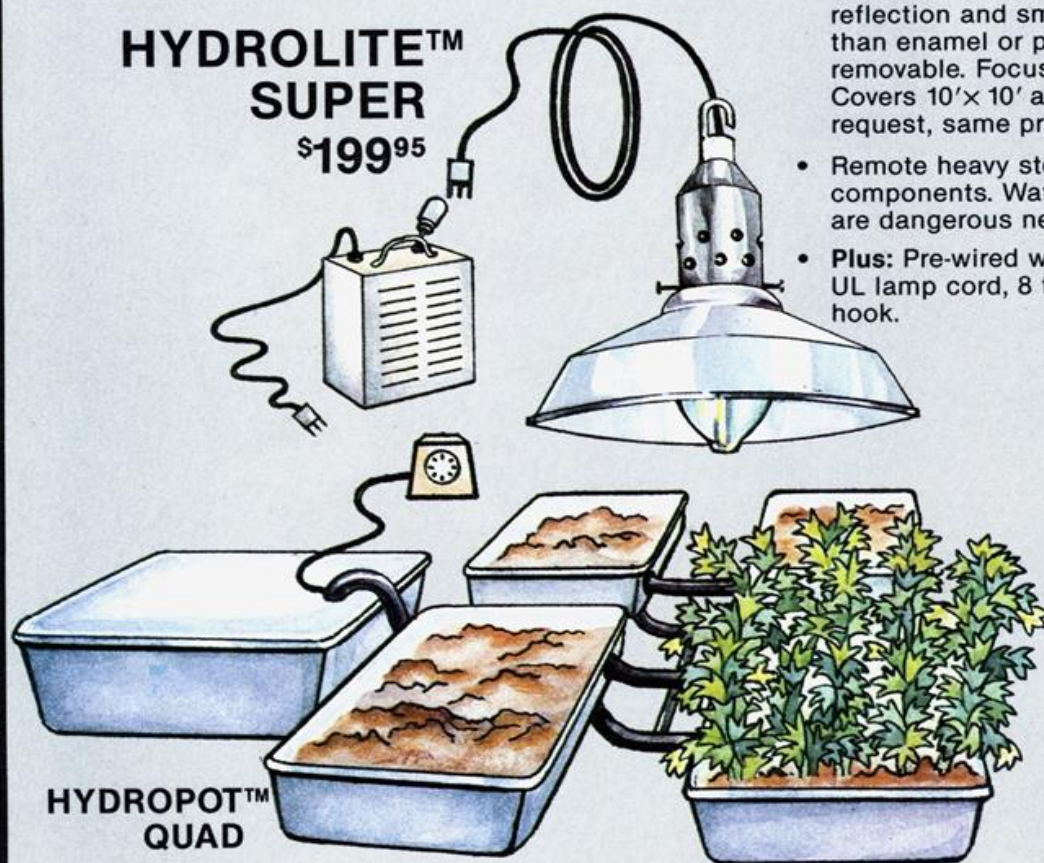
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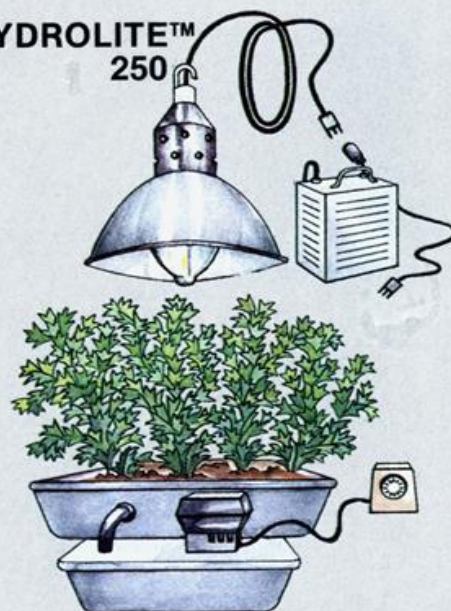
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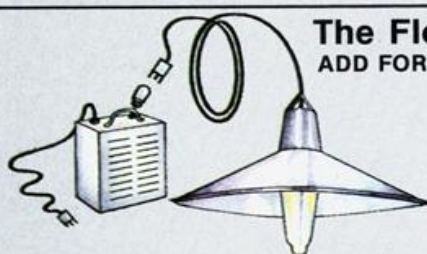


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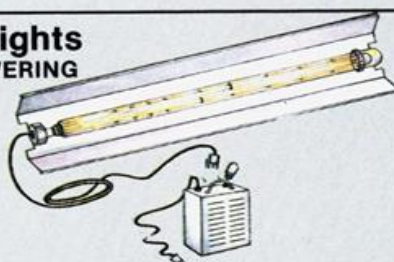


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NEW COKE MARKET CREATES BOOM TIMES FOR BASE LABS



FEDERAL NARCS SCARED STIFF OF SUPEREXPLOSIVE PASTA KITCHENS

by the HIGH TIMES
Cocaine Bureau

M I A M I, F L O R I D A

FEDERAL NARCO AGENTS SAY THE new influx of *basuco* coca paste into the United States from South America has generated yet a new cocaine health hazard: exploding cocaine-refining laboratories. Cops have turned up over a score of pasta-finishing labs from coast to coast in just the last year, mainly in the Miami area, and in some cases, the only way they discovered them was when they blew up.

"It was just one big boom," a retiree in a shady middle-class suburb of Miami recalled for reporters, after the house next door to him exploded one spring day while he was mowing his lawn. "I turned in time to see the aluminum garage door flying in the air towards the side of my house. It made me glad I was in the backyard." The snug little red-brick bungalow next door, tucked away in a poplar grove, had been rented out to someone who'd filled it full of drums of petroleum ether for an obvious coke-finishing project.

Florida narc inspects "sunlamp setup" for coke drying.

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Late last year, a desert hideaway cabin outside of Susanville, California, caught fire abruptly, and when the firemen extinguished the blaze, they discovered 700 pounds of pure, freshly finished toot inside. "The explosion came during the change of a light bulb," Peter Fong of the Sacramento DEA told the *Los Angeles Times*. "It was just the friction of metal on metal."

lands, just south of here, right catty-corner across the way from the Redlands elementary and junior-high schools. The place had been cooking for weeks before someone reported the ether reek to the cops. They surrounded the place at dawn, before school the next day, and bullhorned the occupants to come out. Four Colombians did so promptly enough, but a fifth stayed inside, diligently flushing whole kilos of snort down the toilet.

quickly transmuted to snort. The cops estimate that the cottage complex in the Redlands had been pumping out 25 to 30 kilos of snort every day.

Narcotics chemist Wilmer Kiser, B.S., who operates the DEA's Southeastern Regional Laboratory, is appalled at the lack of safety precautions typically taken by pasta chefs. "The stupid thing is, they use large quantities of ether and acetone—both extremely flammable—and they don't control the vapors," he told reporter Barru Bearak last summer. "Any spark, I mean any spark, will set it all off."

Veteran Florida state narco jefe Arthur Nehrbrass indicates that even his cops have learned not to bash into a lab like 1950s crime busters, thanks to the exceptional volatility of these snort chemicals. "Quite frankly, it had been stupid to go in, what with the possibility of an explosion caused by any gunfire. We will surround them now and summon them out. God forbid, if a house blows up and an innocent neighbor gets killed."

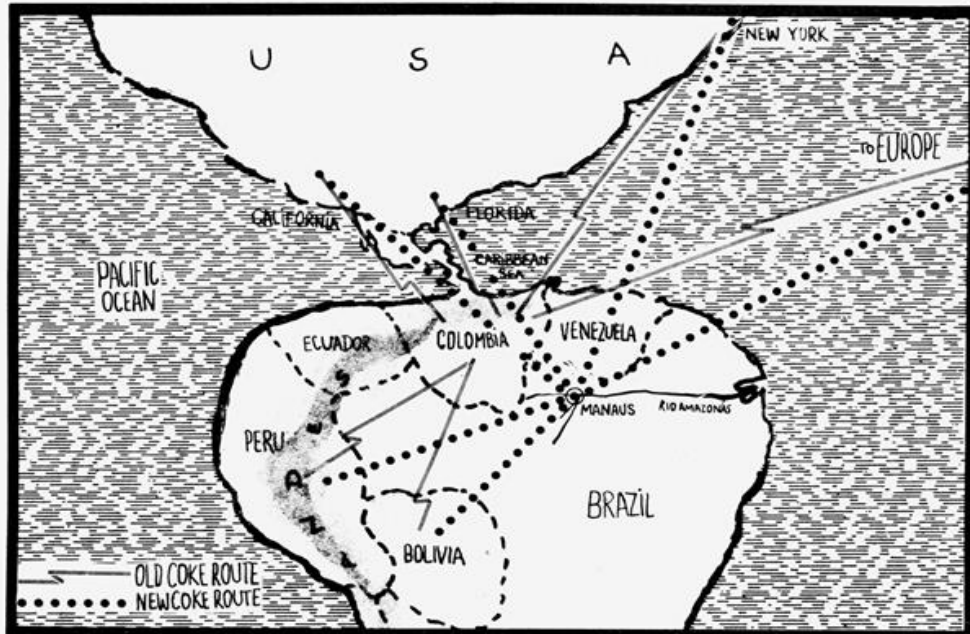
"Believe me, these labs are dangerous," reiterates Kiser. "When we go into one, we insist that everyone leave his gun and cigarette lighter in the car."

(The exceptional volatility of the chemicals used in dope labs, and the particular caution police officers should exercise in disarming and detoxifying them, were detailed at length in the January and February 1984 issues of *HIGH TIMES*, in a series comprising "Murder and Methamphetamine" and "They're Selling Ergotamine Tartrate!" by Dean Latimer.)

"I expect you'll find this happening in a lot of other cities, too, especially L.A.," Nehrbrass warned the *Times* last summer. "It's a lot like Miami, in terms of a large Latin population."

This suggestion that cocaine goes wherever Latins go is evidently the fruit of many long and bitter years in the drug-enforcement dodge. As the international cocaine traffic picked up and evolved throughout the 1970s,

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Colombian narcs force redrawing of old coke-route maps.

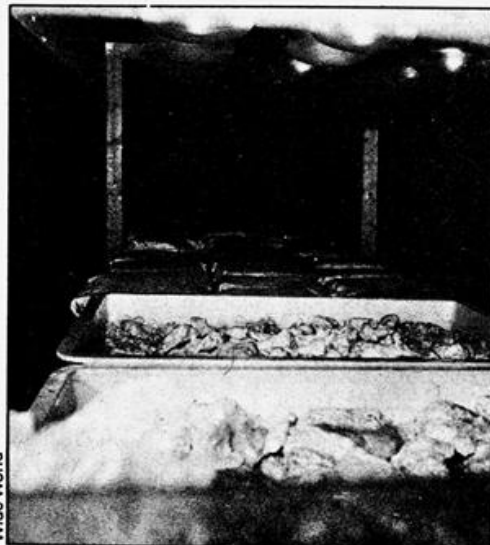
Last February, a forest ranger strolling through the rugged swampland of the Big Cypress National Preserve just north of the Everglades smelled the distinct aroma of ether in the air. Recognizing something amiss, he called in a raid on the little shack from whence the odor came, and 100 pounds of coke turned up, along with five Colombians, 385 gallons of ether and 350 gallons of acetone solvent.

Perhaps the hairiest coke-lab caper so far, though, was the five pretty little cottages strewn among the avocado trees in the Red-

lands. Finally they sent in a dog to flush him out, and for good reason: There were, besides the hundred kilos of coke left over from the flushing, 1,000 gallons of petroleum ether in the place. The cops officially estimated that all that ether could have blown up the whole block, schools and all, although petroleum ether actually isn't nearly as inflammable as ethyl ether.

According to Drug Enforcement Administration officials, all these labs have suddenly sprung up around the land to handle the enormous quantities of *basuco* coca paste being smuggled in from South America. *Basuco* itself, an intermediate form of free-base cocaine, is smokable (see this month's "Trans-High Market Analysis"), but since it's contaminated with all sorts of extraneous chemicals and plant matter from the coca bush, North American consumers generally prefer the finished, sparkling, surgical-quality alabaster powder: cocaine hydrochloride salt.

Converting pasta to salt coke is literally child's play for any chemist. The flaky, rubberish pasta is ground up and soaked in ether, and the resulting suspension is treated with hydrochloric acid and an acetone solvent. The cocaine salt-crystals settle out quickly in the solution, and are filtered off with paper. A couple hours under a sunlamp, and it's ready to snort. Thus, depending on the amount of processing chemicals a chemist has to hand, great quantities of pasta can be



Norteamericanos demand pure snort.



There goes the neighborhood!

"IT'S MY BELIEF THAT crimes involving possession and use of marijuana are viewed fairly realistically by many courts and prosecutors," north California defense attorney William Logan told a NORML-sponsored law seminar at the Claremont Resort Hotel in Oakland last spring. "They know the pot user is no real danger to the community. They will, however, put aside personal ethics and moral considerations and put people in jail for a long time for having pot."

Logan makes a point of fiercely fighting every pot case he picks up in his Three Rivers practice, whether the charge is petty possession or wholesale cultivation for profit. As he explains in *"Nuts and Bolts"* of *Criminal Defense Practice*, the collected proceedings of last May's NORML seminar, the act of putting up a stiff defense in itself goes a long way, most often, toward getting a pot client off the hook. Not many county prosecutors are ready to waste their time, and the taxpayer's money, putting on a full-court-press trial prosecution to imprison some local people who got caught with some marijuana.

"Nuts and Bolts," a handsome full-olio volume, tabbed by categories of legal interest for quick reference, was compiled by San Francisco NORML attorneys Gordon Brownell, Fran McDermott and Jane Pitts to serve as a guide for general-defense lawyers into the special arena of marijuana legislation, especially for cultivation issues. Seeing that harvest time is at hand, attorneys everywhere—and their prospective clients—could do worse than get familiar with this special area of jurisprudence.

As Logan points out: "D.A.'s, judges and juries are ignorant of the truth about patterns of cultivation and use of marijuana, both commercial and personal. What may be a known fact to your client may be *Star Wars* stuff to the jury."

Another veteran north California pot lawyer, ex-Mendocino County D.A. Joe Allen, enumerates a multitude of special technical considerations that properly ought to be raised in any cultivation case. The cops should not be able to get away

with calling the evidence "a million dollars' worth of marijuana," for instance, when all they did was take a small haystack of "wet weight" standing pot, stems and shake and all, and multiplied it by \$10 a gram to compute its "street value." In the long transcript provided by Allen here—in which, as an ex-

teries of the pot trade by a hard and disagreeable route—by guiding the local cops in marijuana investigations for three years, and teaching them what to look for by way of evidence. Besides the weed itself, "Unexplained bank transactions, bank statements in false names, or the names of shell corporations,

herself up and seduce you into something compromising. This is happening more and more often nowadays. If prospective clients would only learn how the cops try to do it, then they could act accordingly when the cops try it on them; and they would not only get off on Sixth Amendment technicalities, but they might send to jail the very cops who busted them, and their working snitches, too.

There's a very helpful section here, in fact, on how to impeach the testimony of addict-witnesses for the prosecution. If enough practitioners read it, that might conduce to the extermination of these vermin from the criminal-justice system. And there's a necessarily gloomy appraisal of Title 21, USC 848, the RICO statute: "The vagueness challenge has thus far met with little success in the courts..." And lest HIGH TIMES Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer execute another lowly copy-scribe, his own erudite and penetrating overview of drug-urinalysis legislation, so brilliantly included in this volume by the esteemed editors, must be recommended here to everyone who pisses in 1984 America.

"Nuts and Bolts" of *Criminal Defense Practice* costs \$40 plus \$5 postage (it weighs five pounds) from California NORML, 2215-R Market St., Rm. 278, San Francisco, CA 94114.

NORML LAWYERS OFFER NEW TIPS IN POT DEFENSE

'NUTS AND BOLTS' OF CULTIVATION CASES

by Mark Swain

SAN FRANCISCO

pert defense witness, he makes mince-meat out of an overaggressive prosecutrix—he shows how a "plantation" of 83 prepubertic plants uprooted by the cops becomes, when you take sexing into account, plus weather and bugs and mice and deer and mold, six pounds of salable sinsemilla tops at harvest, at most.

Joe Allen learned the mys-

large quantities of cash..." Allen currently has a defense practice in Ukiah, and offers his services to other attorneys as an expert witness on pot cultivation.

Honolulu attorney Brook Hart shows what to do, and exactly what law to cite, when the cops decide you've gotten too many "drugs criminals" off the hook on "technicalities," and they try to get one of your clients to wire

FRANCE DISCOVERS JUNK!

PARIS, FRANCE

"IAM OVERWHELMED BY the collective suicide of these young people who come here from middle-class homes and workers' suburbs," laments Soeur Marie-Therese, a nun who has been doing charity work in L'Ilot Chalon, the most conspicuous of Paris' slums, since long before it became a notorious heroin entrepôt. "One wants to take the syringes out of their hands, but what can one do?"

The decrepit Island of Chalon in the Seine has never been pretty, but its evolution over the last few years into a smack supermarket has been spectacular

and obvious. The commodious Gare de Lyon train station looks directly over the boarded-up and bricked-over tenements of Chalon, and passengers waiting for the TGV express to Marseilles can watch junk sales transpire before their very eyes in the messy Chalon alleyways. The dope is brought straight in by train from Marseilles, cut and bagged in the Chalon tenements, and parceled out among the street dealers, who hustle it to junkies on the Chalon sidewalks. The purity is high, the count is scrupulous and dependable, and junkies from all over Paris and the industrial

north of France hustle through the Gare de Lyon to cop daily and weekly heroin supplies.

"I have seen twenty-five-year-olds going to their deaths," Soeur Marie-Therese tells *France-Soir* magazine, recalling that Chalon was a good deal less nasty, if no prettier, a quarter-century ago, when it was a Chinese slum. Then it turned into an Arab slum, and lately it's been increasingly populated by impoverished refugees from what used to be French West Africa—drought-stricken Senegal and Mali, especially.

So it's these black African
/ continued on page 26

DOPE CZAR WINS COKE WAR

by Mark Swain

NEW YORK CITY

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S SPECIAL adviser on drug policy, Dr. Carlton Turner, recently galvanized the national press with a radical new analysis of the much-touted "cocaine glut," a cause of great concern to law-enforcement officials and drug-treatment authorities everywhere. The price of cocaine is dropping apace in America, Turner conceded, and the purity of cocaine available to street buyers has been rising tremendously over the entire course of the Reagan administration; but the reason for this is *not* because more cocaine than ever is zipping past the intrepid drug-busters of Vice-President George Bush's 17 regional federal/state task forces. To the contrary, the White House

"dope czar" is now telling reporters; actually, the fall in price and rise in purity of cocaine are simply because fewer people nowadays are buying the stuff.

This statement, first reported in the ultraconservative *Drugs*

this thing, according to an aide there: "A lot fewer people are using it these days," he said confidently. "Of course, there are still some people, in a few circles, who take a *whole lot* of it"—he did not name names—

have to make it better and cheaper, in order to keep the few customers they've got."

"You might say that," the aide said opaquely.

Next, the same reporter called the offices of *Drugs and Drug Abuse Education*. Dr. Turner, they affirmed, had made this statement to several journalists, though so far as they knew, only *D&DAE* had so far picked up on it.

Then the reporter called the famous 800-COCAINE Hotline at Fair Oaks General Hospital in New Jersey. "No, we've seen no indication of any decline in demand for cocaine," a counselor declared while phones rang in the background. "We're averaging about a thousand

/ continued on page 27

*Prices are down, purity's up,
and the president's men
gloat about it.*

and *Drug Abuse Education Newsletter* of Washington, prompted a *HIGH TIMES* reporter to call Dr. Turner's office in the White House. Dr. Turner, an organic chemist, was absent that day, but had indeed said

"but demand for all drugs is down nowadays."

"And so Dr. Turner's analysis of the price drop and purity rise," the reporter ventured, "is probably that it's a buyer's market nowadays. The producers

FLORIDA BOUND? DON'T GET BURNT SERPENTS IN THE GARDEN

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

"YOU GET WILD STORIES," SMILES DAYTONA BEACH NARCO cop Gary Galle, "but it's very obvious what happened."

It's not obvious to the burn-artist victim until too late, however. Daytona, like plenty of other vacation towns in dope-riddled South Florida, has gained a national reputation as a place where fun drugs can be scored in quantity, and many vacationers expect to take home with them a salable amount of weed or coke, along with the usual souvenirs. What happens to a lot of them was recently described for an *Orlando Sentinel* reporter by two anonymous young Michigan college students.

The two lads had been drinking beer by their motel pool, getting some rays, when a scruffy-looking type in an old army jacket approached. "Hey, man, you got any rolling papers? I got some great smoke."

The boys had rolling papers, the weed was top-notch, and in the course of consuming it they were given to understand that the scruffy character had a line on a quarter-pound of it, if he could only raise \$90. "He said if someone put up the money, he already had the pot, and we could get the money back plus some extra pot," the boys later told the *Sentinel's* Maya Bell. "All it would take was fifteen minutes."

For the next six hours, the scruffy character was chauffeured around by the Michigan youths from house to house in the seedy suburbs. At each house, he disappeared for a spell, and came back with news of an even bigger, better deal somewhere else, involving just a little more money.

"They go inside," narcotics agent Galle later explained, "buy the [Dilaudid or heroin] with the money they just conned out of

the suckers waiting outside, shoot it up and then go on to the next place."

Eventually, having fronted a total of \$350 to the burn artist, the boys grew suspicious and quarrelsome. They told the army jacket that they'd find him the next day, and enact some dire penalty, if he didn't show up first thing in the morning with their weed. Then they went back to the motel, too late in the day for any decent rays.

The next day, returning to a house to which the army jacket had directed them, they discovered another van out front with Michigan plates. "There were a couple guys inside and I asked if they were waiting for a man in a green army jacket to get them some pot," one boy recalled later for Bell. "They said yes, they had given him \$120 about two hours ago, and [he'd] disappeared. Then I knew they had been had, too."

After scouring the local streets, the Michigan lads finally located the army jacket, in a public place. And in the course of the subsequent confrontation, the army jacket was sure to raise enough of a commotion to attract the attention of a cop. "We told the cop he was messing with a girlfriend," the Michigan lad said lamely, "but the cop didn't buy it for a minute. He said he knew we had made a drug deal with this guy and he had ripped us off." Since that was exactly what had happened, the army jacket got off scot-free, and the boys went home to Michigan, sadder but wiser.

Detective Galle estimates that this ruse is practiced daily by around 50 different local junkies, on maybe twice as many tourists every day. "Ninety-nine percent of these beat dopers have \$300- to \$400-a-day Dilaudid or heroin habits, and all the money they make on the street ripping people off goes right back into their arms."

NARCETTE'S FLIRT 'N BUST ORGY

H O N O L U L U , H A W A I I

"LILLIAN" (NOT HER REAL NAME) HAD to admit it, the morning she woke up to a banging on her door and discovered herself under arrest for narcotics trafficking. Yes, she told the federal investigators, she had given some of her homegrown *paka-lolo* to her best friend, Sue Baker, and Sue had given her \$70 for it, even though she hadn't really wanted the money, and never could understand why Sue had forced it on her. She asked if her friend Sue was in some sort of trouble.

When they busted "Rick" (not his real name) at work that day in the Kaneohe post office, and told him he was under arrest for marijuana, the first thing he thought about was his current heartthrob, Sue Baker. "I thought, 'What kind of trouble is Sue in?' I told them I had given her the marijuana." His girlfriend was not going to get in any trouble over the \$20 Baggie he'd laid on her a few weeks ago. Rick was going to take the entire rap, like a man.

"I felt shame," recalls "Haolo" (not his real name either) when the feds clapped the cuffs on him, right there in the Kaneohe post office, in front of all the people he'd worked with the last five years. "I felt I was one killer or something." When they told him the charge was marijuana, he could vaguely recall laying a \$20 bag of it on a girl named Sue, but that was months ago, and it was the only time he'd ever been near the stuff in his life.

What no one here knew that day was that Sue Baker's *real* name is Kathryn Powers, and she's an "investigator" with the post office. The three defendants were all convicted of drug crimes, lost their jobs and drew sentences.

LAST SEPTEMBER, HAOLO MET KATHRYN Powers when she came to work at the Kaneohe post office under her phony name. Described as a "gentle giant" by coworkers, Kaneohe was quite taken with this pretty young piece, even though she seemed to talk a whole lot about dope, which was pretty offsetting at first. "I no smoke or do any of this kine stuff," Haolo explained to the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* after his conviction. But gradually he realized that this pretty young piece obviously *needed* pot, the way she was always talking about it, wishing for it, begging people for it, and going into paroxysms of rapture anytime somebody promised her some dope.

The Island tradition of *ohana* ordains that people ought to help out other people who need things, if they can, so one night at a baseball game Haolo ran into some fast-lane

acquaintances who had some Maui Wowie for sale. Impulsively, he bought \$20 of it for his friend Kathryn Powers (her real name). Then he realized he didn't know exactly what to do with the stuff, or how to take care of it properly, so he took it back to the post office and put it in the butter tray of the refrigerator there, so that it would be sure to keep fresh until Kathryn Powers picked it up.

A few weeks later, seeing that the Kaneohe post office was obviously a dry well in terms of heavy-duty dope traffickers, agent Powers got herself transferred to the Kailua station in a hipper neighborhood. Here she quickly became great friends with Lillian (not her real name), who at least knew what *paka-lolo* was used for, since she was growing a little at home. Recognizing in Kathryn Powers' cover identity another connoisseur of *Cannabis sativa*, Lillian quickly became



Sun, surf and gung-ho narcs.

best friends with her. Sisters, they were, or so she absolutely believed. They had lunch daily, and went for drinks after work, and talked about boys and movies and clothes and Lillian's little homegrown stand and Sue Baker's insatiable appetite and neurotic need for dope, dope, dope. Later on, after she learned that virtually every moment they spent together had gone down on agent Powers' hot little body-wire, Lillian felt humiliated to the point of nausea. "I spent weeks with this woman and she tape-recorded most of the time," she told reporter Charles Memminger. "What good is this to the U.S. government?"

Meanwhile, agent Kathryn Powers (her real name) was doing a *professional* vamp job on Rick (not his real name). Like Haolo, Rick was a Vietnam War veteran, and had been with the post office 15 years, and was very much taken *indeed* with this sleek little piece, despite her obviously serious drug-

craving fetish. "She needed someone to protect her," he decided, and was convinced she realized he was *just* the guy for the job. "The chemistry was there," he was still insisting, even after she had seduced, busted, prosecuted and abandoned him.

She gave him no reason to doubt that she was a lamb in the woods. She visited his house, necked with him, and gave him every evidence of affection short of an outright blowjob, by way of finally wheedling him into scoring a \$20 bag of pot for her. At just about the same point in time, agent Powers one day simply thrust \$70 cash into Lillian's hand and *demand*ed she bring some pot to her, to alleviate a critical access of THC withdrawals.

Shortly after these two successful narcotics transactions, the Kailua station supervisor informed everyone that poor Sue Baker's parents had been horribly mutilated in a car accident on the mainland, and that Sue would have to go away to take care of them for some unspecified interval, but that her job would be filled *tout de suite*, with a permanent replacement. This enraged Lillian, who went straight to the union office to demand that her friend not be deprived of her livelihood because of a tragedy in the family. "We were devastated," recalls Rick. "This is a girl who had been having problems, and now her parents are in trouble."

The busts came down just days later. Each one of these people, when they were busted, was convinced that their friend Sue Baker was in some sort of dope trouble, and each one covered for her by volunteering the information that *they* had laid the pot on her. Thus they did not even have to be taken to trial. Their guilty pleas were duly entered for them in court, and the sentences handed down briskly by U.S. Judge Harold Fong. Rick got six years on probation for misdemeanor marijuana possession. Lillian got five years' probation for distribution of marijuana. Haolo got six months' probation for misdemeanor possession. Of course they all lost their jobs, and neither Rick nor Haolo is eligible now for veterans' benefits, having been convicted of narcotics violations.

Haolo still has some trouble grasping the fact that he's a federal felon. "I was a good Hawaiian," he figures. "She put on one act like that and anyone is going to help her. There are plenty good Hawaiians out there. I am a good citizen. I work hard all my life."

The Assistant U.S. Attorney who prosecuted this case is named Elliot Enoki (his real name). There were 7,934 homicides in the state of Hawaii last year, but Elliot Enoki prosecuted this case.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

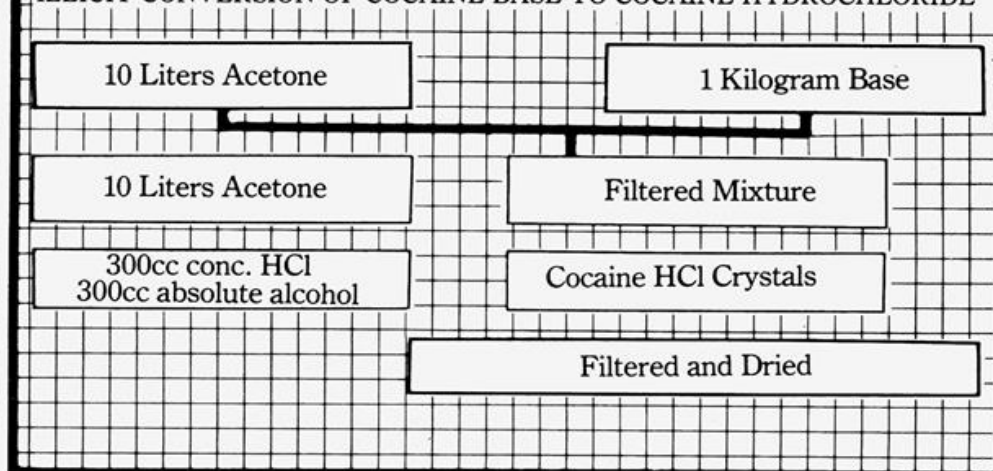
/ continued from page 20

it appeared to develop commercial traditions and rules which seemed more or less permanent. It was the potgrowing *marimberos* of Colombia's Atlantic Coast who first dipped into the fledgling coke trade in a large, organized way, in the mid-'70s. With their established links to North American organized crime, the Colombians streamlined the industry considerably from its freewheeling *Snowbird* era, and gradually they arranged things so that nearly all the coca paste produced in Peru and Bolivia would go to fin-

industry cut its losses by altering the distribution setup. The *narcotraficantes* are merely switching their lab sites out of Colombia entirely, into the Amazonian districts of Brazil, which has virtually no effective federal drug enforcement. And while they reestablish new labs there, they've been running their Peruvian and Bolivian *pasta* straight up into the United States.

Here in the States, of course, they benefit from the absence of legal controls on ether and acetone, and have discovered a few extra conveniences as well. As an item of contra-

ILLICIT CONVERSION OF COCAINE BASE TO COCAINE HYDROCHLORIDE



From "Erythroxylon Coca": Maher, DEA Training Manual, 1976.

ishing labs deep in the Amazon, near Manaus, on the Colombian-Brazilian border. The Colombians would finish it into snort there, and smuggle it into the States, and this was the standard procedure for years. While relatively little coca has ever been grown in Colombia (the local species, *coca novogranatense*, being of decidedly lower cocaine yield than the Bolivian and Peruvian *erythroxylon*), by 1980 nearly all the coke that appeared on the *Norteamericano* market had been labbed in Colombia.

Then last year the Colombian government, in desperation, decided to wreck the coke mobs once and for all. First they slapped tight narcoticslike controls on ether and acetone. Then, deploying a beefed-up paramilitary narcotics force using the latest spy technology, Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara (whose obituary ran in *HIGH TIMES*' August "Highwitness News") actually tracked down the major pasta-finishing lab complexes, in northern and southern Colombia. At one of these, along the Vaupes River in Amazonas Department, they discovered a string of 14 carefully camouflaged bush labs, complete with earth-moving gear, airstrips and degreed chemists on staff. Everyone surrendered peaceably, leaving Lara's narcs in possession of 13.8 tons of finished snort: more coke in one seizure than had been seized over the entire history of cocaine seizures.

Though it might be thought that this would put a crimp in coke production, the

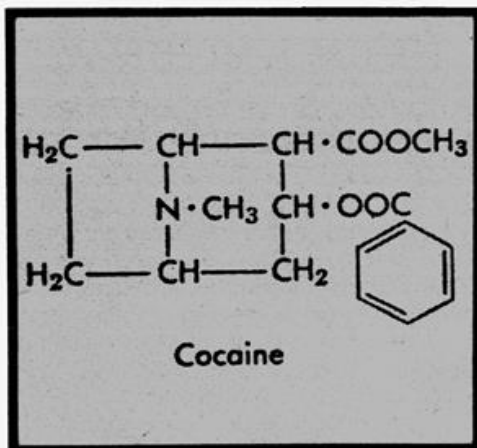
band, to be smuggled past border guards, *basuco* paste is a great deal more compact than powdery snort coke. This makes it a great deal easier to conceal, so that larger quantities of dope can be moved in with less effort and risk. And while large batches of *basuco* tend to smell perceptibly of the kerosene used in its production, the kerosene smell also reportedly confounds coke-sniffing dogs trained to alert strictly on pure, frosty, "odorless" cocaine hydrochloride—as Arthur Nehrbrass' cops themselves have grouched out loud to the press.

There is only one bright side to this new order of things in the cocaine industry, according to the narcs. The price of cocaine, they report, is nudging back upwards, thanks to the expense of renting these labs and furnishing these chemicals at stateside prices. After bottoming-out last spring at a mere \$16,000 a kilo wholesale in Miami, says Nehrbrass, the price is back up around \$28K. "Making the price go up is one way to control it," figures Nehrbrass, whose narcs were paying \$60,000 per ki for it just a couple years ago, before the Ronald Reagan War on Drugs Warriors got involved, and the price fell through the floor.

A more ominous diagnosis of these new coke-trade developments has been voiced by Atlanta forensic chemist James Woodford, who has closely probed into the many apparently inexplicable changes which have occurred. "Just a few years ago, most of the

biggest busts the cops were making in Georgia and Florida and Texas were measured in pounds: two, five, seven pounds, tops, most often," recalls Dr. Woodford, who specializes in consulting with both police authorities and defense attorneys in drug cases involving chemistry. "Now, just in the last half-year or so, they're all busting multiples of *ten* pounds: fifty, seventy, a hundred pounds at once. And what about all these so-called finishing labs they find, chock-full of cocaine and chemicals, but no *pasta* anywhere around? I think there might be more here than meets the eye."

Woodford has closely scrutinized recent court transcripts in which Florida DEA chemists and agents have alluded to "sham cocaine," a new synthetic compound devised by Justice Department chemists, which can pass every analytical test for cocaine short of X-ray crystallography. Briefly, Woodford suspects that the process for making sham cocaine may have leaked out of the Justice Department to underworld chemists, who may have discovered that by altering the process in certain ways, it's now possible to cheaply and easily synthesize the same sort of levorotatory cocaine that comes naturally only from the coca leaf. In fact, Dr. Woodford hypothesizes that it may now be possible—using only the same sort of chemicals and rudimentary equipment found in these "finishing" labs—to make varieties of cocaine that are infinitely more potent than coca-leaf cocaine. "Fentanyl's just a modification of the morphine molecule that makes



Where do you bend this?

it six times more powerful than morphine," reasons Woodford. "If you bend the cocaine molecule at *exactly* the right place, you might make it a *hundred* times more powerful than regular cocaine."

And if it's possible to do this, Woodford warns, undoubtedly either someone has already done it, or will be doing it very shortly. In subsequent issues—strictly by way of providing a public service, and as fair comment on a matter of public performance—HIGH TIMES intends to fully explore the awesome possibilities raised by these new technological developments.

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FRENCH JUNK

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street dealers who are most conspicuous in the Chalon street traffic, hustling bags of smack to French junkies who are primarily white, in their twenties. It never takes much in Paris to arouse public resentment against identifiable foreigners, and lately L'Ilot Chalon has been the scene of some picturesque bloodshed. Last spring the local Arab shop owners rioted for two days straight against the blacks, and the violence wasn't suppressed until one Arab had been killed by a heavy object dropped from a building, and a French teenager in sneakers and blue jeans was shot through the head in a cross-fire on the sidewalk.

The response to all this unpleasantness from Jacques Chirac, the arch-conservative mayor of Paris, has been to blame it all on the Socialists in the government, while launching a dramatic and rather radical slum-clearance program. Residents of the "island" are being forcibly removed and rehoused—at public expense, though the mayor doesn't make a big production about that part of it—and wrecking-cranes and bulldozers are pulverizing each tenement that becomes available

The mayor's solution—tear down the whole Ile de Chalon.

for demolition. So now, even while passengers on the Marseilles express can watch Africans deal heroin to European youngsters, before their very eyes, they can also see that the city government is doing something noisy and spectacular about it all.

As to the long-term effect of this slum-clearance program on the smack trade, public officials have already worriedly noted that some dope dealers are now simply driving around in mobile vans, picking up customers off the street corners, and depositing them a few blocks away, flush with junk. The federal narcotics police—the Brigade des Stups—claim to be firmly on top of it all, of course, pointing to a recent seizure, in a swanky Versailles suburb, of six tons of "drugs" imported from Beirut. The "drugs" involved a shipment of hashish, and nothing but hashish.

The local shops and taverns have discovered something useful in this latest development, too. Many have begun posting signs which righteously declare: "This establishment fights and does not serve drug dealers." This is as good a way as any of refusing the entry onto the premises of black Africans.

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CHEAP COKE

/ continued from page 22

calls a day, which is about our limit of capacity. Over the last year, one thing we've seen is an increasing number of calls from small cities and rural areas. Large cities—New York, Los Angeles, Dallas, Fort Worth—used to comprise over two-thirds of our volume of calls, but in the last year the towns and small cities have gradually come to amount for over one-half of all calls."

Next, the reporter called the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco, and spoke with training director Richard Seymour there, who coordinates treatment facilities for all the people who enter the clinic for help with their cocaine problems. "We haven't seen any decline in the demand for cocaine," said Seymour resignedly. "What we have seen is an increase in the number of people who have trouble with this newer, cheaper, more potent cocaine."

800-COCAINE Hotline co-coordinator Dr. Arnold Washton, of Regent Hospital in New York City, was next. "I've seen no indication that demand is dropping," said Dr. Washton. "All I can estimate from our hotline is that demand is either holding at a steady level or it's increasing." As to purity, Dr. Washton mentioned that he was in receipt of figures from the New York City Police Department declaring that the average purity of street samples of cocaine seized in the city had leapt from 28 percent in 1980 to 40 percent in 1983.

At the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) information office in Washington, a spokesperson was not aware that the White House was saying anything new or strange about the demand for cocaine. The average purity of street coke, on a national scale, was 14.6 percent, he said.

At the New York City Police Department's Division of Narcotics press office, a spokesman said he did not want to confirm or deny for HIGH TIMES any reports about anything. "Have you got a working press card?" he asked, and suggested we call "the lab" on this inquiry.

At the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services, a spokesperson confirmed that the NYPD had in 1983 released to them statistics showing that, from 9,000 samples of street cocaine analyzed, the average purity rate had been 38 percent. "That's pretty good coke," he volunteered.

At the NYPD laboratory an authority said he did not want to confirm or deny for HIGH TIMES any cocaine-purity reports. "Besides," he said, "we haven't finished running the stats for 1983, anyhow."

The last time Dr. Carlton Turner made headlines like this was in July 1982, when for months he was insisting that Vice-President Bush's task forces had *already* reduced the volume of cocaine entering South Florida "to a trickle."

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POLLEN WARS: BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Jeff and Susie—as we may call them—have been bringing up a half-dozen sinsemilla plants every summer season for the past six years in their backyard herb garden near Chelan in Washington State. They name their plants like kittens—“Fuzzball,” “Wembley,” “Betty and Veronica,” no kidding—and cuddle and spoil the daylights out of them, so much so that their ten-year-old daughter and four-year-old son get a touch resentful.

Now, there's no way Jeff and Susie qualify as major weed dealers. However, the person who comes around in his Land Rover each autumn to collect the couple-three kilos of primo buds which they reliably produce, says he depends on them. “These are far and away the prettiest, daintiest, most paralyzing items in my annual line,” he has assured them. “For my sampler kits that I show the buyers in Seattle and San Francisco and New York, which look sort of like little Fannie Farmer assortments of buds wrapped in shiny tinfoil, I always put one or two of your buds right up in the front of the little box. That way people know I *care* about my product, and my growers care, and we're proud of our stuff. I've had people order up whole kilos of weed after just looking at those buds, without even bothering to taste them. I call them ‘Wild and Wet from Willamette,’ and they're *famous* now, coast to coast.”

“But Willamette's nowhere near here,” points out Jeff, a civil-service lawyer and a stickler for integrity.

“Would you prefer me to put your correct name and address on each bud?” asks this opportunistic entrepreneur. Jeff, though unconsoled, is persuaded. Little Kristen is likely to be even prettier than her mother in just a few years, but those orthodontal braces are costing an arm and a leg.

Last fall, though, disaster struck. “We've been growing a Jamaican strain crossed with Afghani indica. That's our secret,” Jeff reveals despairingly. “I brought it up sort of by accident in 1978, just fooling around in the greenhouse out back, and when the first generation turned out so frisky and stony, I let one of the females seed out, and now I have a jar of seeds left from her, thank God. Because this year in August, just as the six females were coming into bloom, they caught vagrant pollen.”

So much for the legendary daintiness of Wild and Wet from Willamette. The resulting buds bore absolutely no resemblance to Jeff and Susie's cloistered primo weed. “Those buds looked like dog turds,” laments Jeff bitterly. “Like little drowned kittens,” Susie says more prettily, but just as

regretfully. Although their distributor scrupulously paid them every penny he'd bid for the crop, he's being very wishy-washy now about haggling for their 1985 crop. “How do I know it won't happen again?” he says realistically.

Jeff's job, coincidentally, gives him regular access to the county weather charts. The week his barely-pubescent sinsemillas were invisibly raped by airborne pollen, he made a point of pulling the wind charts, which showed prevailing northwesterly breezes. “Now, there's nothing up in that direction but the Cascades,” Jeff notes. “A couple dirt tracks, some hunting cabins, an old abandoned salmon fishery...”

It was the salmon fishery, a little patch of state-owned property with some old ramshackle buildings on it. Jeff's distributor, in his Land Rover, found the pot patch out back of the fishery, unguarded and untended. “There were the remains of some tacky-cold frame somebody'd put around the seedlings when he transplanted them last spring. Then I guess the moron just lost interest, or got scared or something, because not a single male had been pulled. The females were over nine feet tall, spilling out seeds like popcorn kernels in the bag. The crows were having a holiday, pigging themselves silly on those seeds.”

“*Ruderalis!*” snorts Jeff. “Somebody'd tried crossing ruderalis with some backyard sativa, and of course it was just the *opposite* of what you'd want. The stuff would put you to sleep quick enough, but there wouldn't be a *high* in a haystack of it. And, come August, that moron's pollen was blowing all over the valley. If I were a conspiracy freak, I'd suspect the state narcs planted it themselves, to fuck up all the *sinse* in Western Washington.”

Experts consulted by the HIGH TIMES Horticulture Bureau says there's not much that can be done about this phantom-pollination glitch. “You could bag the females with clear polyethylene after they start budding, I suppose,” says one government expert. “Although that might be too late, and also it might kill the plant. I sincerely don't know what anyone can do about this, or why anyone should care, either. Stop wasting my time, okay?”

Anyone with a solution to this urgent problem is invited to write Bud Bogart, care of HIGH TIMES, before the planting season commences in May of 1985.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET



AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	100-120
		lb	1000-1400
Sydney sinsemilla	terrific toke	oz	120-150
Thai sticks		lb	1200-1400
Domestic hash	rare middlin'	one	20
		oz	300-400
		lb	3200-3900
Lebanese hash	blond & beautiful	oz	400-450
		lb	4000-4200
Hash oil	when available	cap	30
LSD	tiles and microdots, freaky and fun	one	8-15
		100	150-210
Cocaine	A-1	gm	180-200
		oz	3300-3500
Amphetamine	fast and flashy	gm	100-110
		oz	1800-2000

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	arf-arf	oz	90-100
Gold and red Colombian		lb	750-850
Hawaiian buds	likewise	oz	125
		lb	1100-1200
Mexican tops	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
	passable, usually available	lb	2800-3600
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	gm	75-85
Afghan hash		lb	500-700
		oz	15
Kashmir hash	flatblack	gm	260
		lb	15
		oz	3250
U.S. sinsemilla	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	25
	excellent when available	oz	375
LSD	blots from California	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	pawn in army-rebel rumble	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	distribution	lb	75-110
Colombian hash	difficult forgettable	oz	5-10
		lb	50-100
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	40-75
		lb	175-225
		oz	2500-3500

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian		lb	60-100
Sierra buds	surprisingly, not that much passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Esmeraldas swamp grass		oz	6-10
Cocaine base	the worst	lb	70-100
Cocaine		oz	2-4
		lb	40-60
LSD	lots pure as the driven snow	gm	25-40
	traded for blow	one	5

ITALY

African weed	intermittent supply	gm	4
Tan Leb hash	pale and tasteless	gm	2
Moroccan 00	superb	gm	5
Black Afghani	lucid, but stony	gm	5
Kashmir charas	heavenly, aromatic	gm	12
LSD	reputedly counterfeit	ea	5
Cocaine	glistening rocks	gm	60!

JAMAICA

Seeded highland gold	gold as the sun, mediocre head	oz	5
Highland sinsemilla		lb	25
Homehewn hash	solid head, great sativa	oz	8
Mushrooms	moist and exhilarating	lb	50
		oz	10
Cocaine	watch yourself, some killers weakened U.S. disco toot	oz	5
		gm	100

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
		lb	200
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	10
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	lb	90
		oz	25
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	lb	250
		oz	20
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	lb	175
		oz	15
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb	150
		gm	30-50
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	ea	1-2

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Morristown, N.J.	Colombian gold, primo	oz	75
Columbus, Ohio	summer blotter acid	ea	3
Eureka, Calif.	purple kush, locally preserved	oz	200
San Francisco	East Coast coke, danced on	gm	90
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Colombian 'merch: green, passable	lb	560
Albany, N.Y.	ephedrine tabs, undisguised	ea	.50
		12	5
Tucson, Ariz.	Mexican green, moist, lightly seeded	lb	500
Taos, N.M.	local mountain indica	oz	200-250
		lb	2500
Marin County, Calif.	pure, shiny flake	gm	100-120
New York City	"boss black repro" Leb soaked in hash oil	oz	1800-2000
		lb	1700

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early leaf, baby buds	oz	140-200
		lb	1600-1950
	last year's stockpile	oz	225-300
		lb	2500-3000

Commercial Mexican	browns, greens, reds, etc.	oz	55-85
Top-grade Mexican	arm-size buds	lb	650-950
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	90-130
		lb	900-1350
Jamaican sinsemilla	likewise scarce	oz	60-80
Commercial Colombian		lb	650-850
Primo Colombian	healthy supply, prices up	oz	90-130
Thai sticks	triumphant return	lb	900-1250
		oz	55-70
Loose Thai	new variety: el cheapo, big sticks	lb	550-690
	season starting slowly	oz	60-80
Hawaiian	Where's the buds?	lb	650-790
		oz	90-135
Lebanese hash	supply down	lb	1100-1400
		oz	160-210
Black Afghani hash	gummy and fume-y	lb	1600-2000
Paki hash	black spheres	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3000
Psilocybin mushrooms	large, succulent cubensis	oz	110-140
Peyote	hard to find	lb	900-1100
LSD	red-heart blotter, 100 mikes	oz	150-300
		lb	1400-2200
Cocaine	holding steady	oz	150-250
		gm	1200-2000
		1/8 oz	100
		oz	1000
		one	10
		100	100
Methaqualone	mixed phonies, mostly Valium	gm	80-120
	on the comeback trail	1/8 oz	250-350
		oz	1500-2500
Methamphetamine		ea	3-7
		100	200-400
		gm	120-160

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	nada	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	lb	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	1/4 oz	50
		oz	200
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	500-600
		oz	225-300
Lebanese hash	big mover	lb	2000-2750
		one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	gm	10
		oz	130-200
LSD	blots	gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	5
		100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	lb	2200-2750
Waikiki wacky	sparkles with resin	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	250-275
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	2500-2700
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	one	225-275
		oz	2400-3000
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	2-4
		oz	150
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

PERSPECTIVE ON VALIUM AND OTHER BENZODIAZEPINES

Valium (diazepam) is the second most commonly prescribed drug in the United States, and is the leading representative of the largest drug group in the world, the benzodiazepines. Valium is widely prescribed for the symptomatic relief of anxiety, insomnia, muscle spasm and is used in the treatment of convulsive disorders and alcohol dependence. Valium has a wide safety ratio and has less overdose potential than other nonbenzodiazepine drugs used for the same purpose, such as the short-acting barbiturates. However, alcohol intensifies the toxic effects of Valium and greatly increases the possibility of overdose and dependence. Individuals with a past or family history of alcoholism may have a psychobiological predisposition to addiction and can develop dependence on Valium at therapeutic doses when taken daily for more than three months. Individuals without such a predisposition, however, can take such a therapeutic dose without developing addiction. This differential response based on biological variability has caused great confusion in the minds of both consumers and physicians relative to the true addicting potential of Valium, and at what dose addiction will take place. Recent research has discovered specific benzodiazepine receptors in the brain, and it is possible that those individuals who are predisposed to addiction have hypersensitive benzodiazepine receptors that facilitate dependence even at therapeutic doses. All benzodiazepines, including the newer drugs being introduced for the relief of anxiety, such as Ativan® (lorazepam), act through the same brain mechanism and have a similar acting potential to Valium. Switching from one benzodiazepine to another will not eliminate addiction but only change the character of addiction. Valium is a long-acting drug, whereas Ativan is a short-acting drug, but the addictive process is similar, just as in the opiate class: Methadone is a long-acting drug and heroin is a short-acting drug, but the addictive process is similar.

NATURE AND USE

Valium is a synthetic central

nervous system depressant and a sedative-hypnotic. This means it has similar qualities and effects to barbiturates and methaqualone. Valium has a variety of therapeutic uses. These include the relief of anxiety, insomnia and muscle spasm. It is also used in treating convulsions and the symptoms of alcohol withdrawal. Valium and other benzodiazepines have receptor sites in the brain that are localized in synaptic contact regions in the cerebral cortex, cerebellum and hippocampus.¹ They work in part by relaxing the large skeletal muscles. In recent years, Valium has gained some notoriety through media accounts of its effects both as a street drug and as a prescribed medication. However, when used judiciously, Valium and the other benzodiazepines have an excellent therapeutic ratio with well-established therapeutic indications, relatively few side effects and less overdose potential than most sedative-hypnotics.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Valium should not be taken if there is sensitivity to the other benzodiazepines: chlorthalidazepoxide, oxazepam, flurazepam, prazepam and clonazepam. It should not be taken by anyone with glaucoma as it can increase interior eye pressure. Valium will cross the placental barrier and should not be used during pregnancy. It should never be used in conjunction with alcohol—this combination can be fatal—or with any other sedative-hypnotic substance. There is danger of Valium dependence even at clinical dos-

ages. This danger greatly increases if the user has a personal or family history of alcoholism.² We have recommended that physicians with patients on long-term benzodiazepine therapy give these patients periodic "holidays" from the drug at a graded reduction or zero dosage level of approximately five days. This should be done every six months depending on patient needs.³

A dangerous result of adverse publicity in recent times has been the abrupt termination of Valium treatment. This should not be done. Abrupt withdrawal, as with other sedative-hypnotics, can cause extensive anxiety and agitation, withdrawal psychosis or life-threatening seizures. Overdoses on Valium are much less frequent than with other sedative-hypnotics, but they do occur. The symptoms are confusion, sleep or sleepiness, lack of response to pain, shallow breathing, lowered blood pressure and coma.

Valium has been used as a drug of deception. In several instances, counterfeit Quaaludes were found to contain high dosages of Valium.⁴

Note: With the termination of Valium treatment, there may be a rebound effect. This is the reemergence of symptoms that the drug was originally prescribed for, such as anxiety or agitation. The reemergence of original symptoms can be mistaken for withdrawal symptoms.

FIRST-AID PLUS

The need for increasing amounts of Valium to achieve therapeutic effects is a sign of developing tolerance and dependence. If this or any sub-

jective signs of habituation and dependence develop, see a doctor or a drug-treatment facility. Never attempt abrupt withdrawal from Valium after prolonged use, even at therapeutic levels. Gradual reduction or substitution and reduction of a slow-acting sedative-hypnotic, such as phenobarbital, under the care and supervision of a physician, is the safe way. Explore the possibilities of alternative symptom management with your physician if benzodiazepine treatment seems inappropriate, overly extended or if dependency begins to develop. Never mix Valium with alcohol, Quaaludes, short-acting barbiturates or any other sedative-hypnotic. These drugs potentiate the effects of one another, increasing the possibility of a life-threatening overdose far beyond that of any one of these drugs by itself. If an overdose occurs, the patient should be taken to an emergency room or poison center immediately, as severe depression of the cardiorespiratory system can develop. If possible, a sample of the drug taken should be brought along for analysis.

(NOTE: October 8-11, 1982, Dr. Smith and the Haight-Ashbury Training Projects hosted "The Benzodiazepines Today: Two Decades of Research and Clinical Experience," a national conference with continuing education credit for physicians and nurses. The proceedings of this conference were published in the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*. For information, call Stephanie Ross, [415] 626-6763.) □

¹ Wesson, Donald R., M.D. and Smith, David E., M.D., "Low-Dose Benzodiazepine Withdrawal Syndrome: Receptor Site Mediated." *Newsletter, California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies*, Vol. 9, No. 1, January/February 1982.

² Smith, David E., M.D., "Prescription Drugs and the Alcoholic: The Benzodiazepines—Therapeutic and Dependence Considerations." *Proceedings of the Eisenhower Medical Center*, winter 1981.

³ Smith, David E., M.D., "Importance of Gradual Dosage Reduction Following Low-Dose Benzodiazepine Therapy." *Newsletter, California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies*, Vol. 6, No. 2, April 1979.

⁴ Personal Communication—Caroline J. Ciancutti, ed., *Street Pharmacologist*.

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Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
Written by David Smith and Rick Seymour

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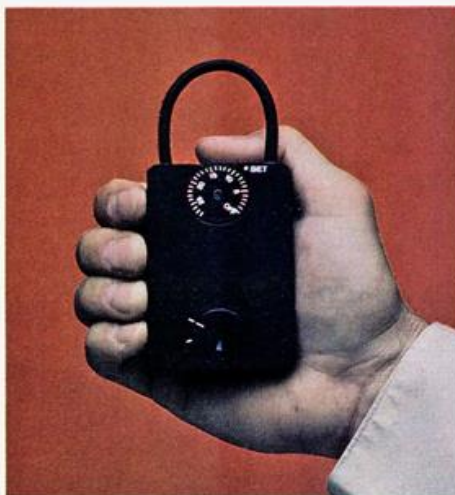
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PETER SUTHER

■ Why was that car careening down that small country Californian road rat-a-tatting machine guns at the Land Rover ahead? Well, you'd be spraying lead too if you'd been ripped for 60 plants worth \$1500 per.

Outlaws in Babylon

FICTION BY STEVE CHAPPLE

MAXWELL: *Takedown on Rte. 66; Kidnapped Children; Lush Dope for Hard Times... Business as Usual... The Big Tuna Smile; Black Eyes the Color of a Bad Day; Morphine Screams... Keeping Fun on the Front Burner... Drug War and the Vodka-drinking Son of an Alcoholic Father... Sinsemilla and the Sexuality of Sisters; World-class Dope; Night of the Polyester Sportcoat... Yo-Yo-Yo Joints; Full Auto; Road Kills; The Grower Who Was Eaten by a Grizzly Bear... All Good Things Begin with Water; Guerrilla Growing; The Erotic Farmer*

It is harvest season in Mendocino, a rocky green rib of almost-paradise stretching from America's ocean of dreams, the Pacific, on one side, to Highway 101 on the other, a four-lane road that is to California what Route 66 was to the 1950s.

All is not well this October morning at six-thirty, 35 minutes before dawn. A takedown is in progress. The thieves are amateurs, although they are armed with a sawed-off shotgun. The property owners are amateurs, too. It is their first year in the trade, yet they are also well armed, each holding a Colt AR-15, a honey of a gun built exactly like the M-16 made famous in Vietnam, except that a bolt has been inserted at the factory to prevent the AR from being converted into a machine gun. The bolts in these two Colts have been bored out.

The thieves are driving a Land Rover, and their loot fills the bed in back. In

fact, the goods are so bulky they push out the windows, the stalks waving in the morning wind like kidnapped children. The thieves are poachers, of course, and they have just finished taking down a crop of good North Coast marijuana. Now the growers are only 200 feet behind the Land Rover on this twisting, asphalt country road, and they are firing their domesticated machine guns, *rat-a-tat-tat*, like Clyde Barrow and like Bonnie Parker, too, for the grower in the passenger seat of their car is a woman. The thieves are scared shitless, as well they should be. The growers would be frightened, too, if rage had not already chased away their fear.

A lot is at stake here. Properly dried, manicured and packaged, each raggedy green plant in the back of the Land Rover is worth as much as \$1,500. The two crazy poachers, neither over 20 years old, have crammed 50 stalks into their vehicle, perhaps 60. That's enough for some people to kill for. (If you're the sort of American for whom money means anything...) But then, this isn't crumbly Mexican or Colombian grass. This is state-of-the-art ganja: *sinsemilla*, the God-grown connoisseur's dope that has replaced smuggled imports at the parties of lawyers, students and steam-shovel operators across the country. These are the 1980s, I think, and not just anything rolled will get you high anymore. Lush dope for harsh times, you understand. And for some reason everybody's willing to pay.

/ continued on next page

The poachers are better drivers than the growers. They are taking the curves at 45 mph, twice the speed any sane person would negotiate this road, weaving across the center line again and again, even on the outside curves. The growers know the road. They're biding their time to the straightaway at the bottom of the long hill, trying now to shoot out a back tire and gain the quick advantage. But they can't hit the Land Rover because, if truth be told, they've never fired their weapons at anything besides tin cans, and then only for a few minutes on the day they bought the guns. The growers are peaceful people, really, and they are as out of their element bushwhacking rip-off artists as the thieves are at pulling \$90,000 jobs. Everybody is out of their league on this empty mountain road at six-thirty in the morning, doing something they don't want to be doing, but the money's so good that no one can pass it up.

The straightaway now, flowing nicely down a long grade. You can see the start of a new lake created by the Core of Engineers to accommodate power boaters and condo developers and beyond the big blue puddle of the half-filled lake, miles of carefully planted grapes, etched across the dark October ground like rows of thorns. And closer, much closer, two miles away: Highway 101.

The growers step on it. They're driving a 10-year-old Toyota wagon, but their four cylinders are tighter than the Land Rover's six, and the growers are just about desperate. They've got to stop the thieves before the highway because they're in the open now. This is farm country. People get up early. And Ukiah, the county seat, is only five miles south.

The Toyota rips down the wrong side of the road. Fifty, 60 miles an hour. The growers pull alongside the Land Rover. They can smell their hijacked crop now. It smells like a colander of warm asparagus, steaming, beautiful, buttered and skunky, good enough to eat.

"Pull over, fuckers!" screams the woman. She's three feet from the thieves, going 60 miles an hour.

"Bitch!" shouts the thief driver.

He inches the Land Rover to the left. He's trying to force the growers off the road, only for a second, though. He's trying to gain time, too, trying to make the freeway.

There's only one thing for the woman to do now. Waste the fuckers.

She starts to aim the AR-15. She starts to cry. This woman is 30 years old. She is an arts graduate of Sarah Lawrence

College in Bronxville, New York, a place where nice girls from good homes are rarely taught how to waste rude fuckers on country roads at dawn.

She pulls the muzzle inside the car.

"We'll catch them," says the driver, who has also gone to Sarah Lawrence on an exchange program with Yale.

The poachers make the freeway, and then they get scared. Seventy-five is top speed for them, and they're doing 80 now. The Rover is vibrating.

They're almost in the suburbs of Ukiah. Parducci Wineries on the right, Cresta Blanca on the left, the big billboard of the John Birch Society: GET US OUT OF THE UNITED NATIONS! and then the first exit, North State Street. The thieves take it too fast. The high-centered Land Rover goes up on two wheels and comes down again with a slam that rocks the poachers in their seats. Still moving. A boulevard of trees, Monterey pines, Pete's 24-Hour Henny Penny Coffee Shop across from the Yokayo Bowl, Fjord's Smorg-ETTE and the LuAnn Motel, whose signboard reads: PATIENCE IS THE COMPANION OF WISDOM.

Last chance. The poachers aim to ditch the growers in the streets. The kids live in town. They grew up in Ukiah. They're almost home free.

The Sarah Lawrence woman, who's only been in California 18 months, pushes her weapon out the speeding car and lets rip a clip despite her tears.

Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Tchu! Ten bullets, half the clip. They all miss. A stupid thing to do. The punk in the passenger seat of the Land Rover fires his sawed-off shotgun over their heads. An even stupider thing to do. The shotgun goes off like a bomb. The kid goes to bartending school in Santa Rosa, and his brother, the driver, told him they wouldn't have to fire their gun.

Somebody in the Henny Penny must have gotten up from the counter and phoned the Mendocino sheriff's office.

Outside, at the four-way light, the growers finally caught up with the rip-off artists. They cut them off three-quarters across the bow. Jammed the Toyota right in front of the Land Rover. The high-school thieves panicked. For no good reason the two dip-shit punks jumped out of their vehicle. They left their shotgun inside. The two growers piled out of their Toyota. The woman was still crying. She and her partner left their weapons on the seat, too. The male grower, the Yalie, stepped up to the poacher driver, a boy six inches shorter than he was, but perhaps 50 pounds

heavier and clean-shaven, and smashed him full in the face with his fist. This grower (if it is fair to call him that after so short a time in the trade) had not hit anybody full in the face since he was a child.

None of the four stopped to consider their position: duking it out fist to chin in the middle of a four-lane highway, the Land Rover screaming with bud, combat weapons loaded on the seat, the early-morning traffic to the Masonite Mill honking at the tie-up, a town of 10,000 waking up all around them, the sheriffs on the way. No, growers and poachers alike had lost proper... perspective.

The male grower was put in the same cell with the two poachers.

The poachers were charged with felony possession of marijuana. The two growers were charged with illegal possession of automatic weapons.

Maxwell and I are at the top of the fire road. From this granite lookout you can see as far north as Ukiah, where poachers and growers may have lost sight of the true business at hand.

"Love it!" says Maxwell.

Max smiles at me. He loves a good story and the one about the novice poachers and growers is a good one in these parts. It's six years old now, since it took place in 1977, but still three-quarters true, remembered in different ways by different people, though always remembered fondly, whether by veteran growers like Maxwell or by deputy sheriffs.

"I don't think there was a woman involved," says Maxwell. "No, just four dumb guys. Yahoo-spudinks. That's the way I heard it."

Max smiles straight at me—full and friendly. He smiles under a tanned mountain of a forehead. Short, jagged, unthinkingly wild hair in back, no hair at all in front. Aviator glasses, thick and prescription, yet tasteful and expensive. A web of tiny drops rims the cheeks where the lenses end. Maxwell is sweating under his eyes and today is not a hot day.

"Oh, yeah," says Maxwell as he climbs back in the big pickup, still sorting out how the story came down.

End of the Sonoma County blacktop. End of our break. It's been Forest Service land for the last five miles. Now, suddenly, as if we are entering a sanctuary, which we are not, the land becomes private and the road turns to coarse dirt, a narrow, winding fire road with sloppy, Cat-tracked turns and badly shaved

grades.

Maxwell reaches under the seat. The pickup lurches. The truck is already in four-wheel drive but the road has turned so ragged that the steering wheel twists back and forth. Maxwell comes up quick with his eyes on the road and his right hand as steady as a hand can be.

Maxwell is gripping a pistol in his fingers: a fat, fancy Colt Auto. Eyes still on the crazy snake of a fire road, he lays the gun on the seat. Hammer back, safety on, a round in the chamber.

No big deal, you understand. Business as usual. Professionalism. No expected danger. We're heading in-country, off the road, and it's that time of the year, early October, start of the harvest, and, well, things aren't as gentle as they once were on top of this big, dry whalebone of a mountain at the tip of Sonoma County, somewhere in Northern California.

"Wish I'd had one of those," says I. I'm talking about the pistol.

"Betch you do," says Maxwell. He flashes me a real Maxwell smile, the Big Tuna Smile, patented by Maxwell, all teeth and eye wrinkles and spontaneous ambiguity.

His tongue parts his lips but his eyes keep to the road. His eyes always keep to the road, black eyes the color of a bad day with no trace of brown or green. Maxwell's eyes scan to the left. They scan to the right. They stake a moving perimeter as the big papa pickup pushes through the dirt to Maxwell's hideaway.

I remember almost two months ago to the day. I'm lying in the hospital bed with both my arms in plaster casts from fingers to shoulders and so much morphine in my body that I can't feel the pain. I can see it. It curls around the casts like clear fog and covers the sutured knife cuts underneath. I'm lying back in the big motorized bed wondering what I'm supposed to do if the pain decides to toss the morphine aside and run up my arms to my face. How loud do they let you scream in the hospital when all their morphine has quit working?

And then the phone starts to ring. It rings like a ship's bell way off in San Francisco Bay. I let the sound swim into my ears.

A nurse holds the receiver to the side of my head.

It's Maxwell.

"I hear they got you." I can tell he's chewing on something at the other end. Chow mein? A rib? "You all right?" he asks. I can hear him laughing. He's laughing at me in my hospital bed, and why not? It's a ridiculous situation.

"Nothing I could have done, really," I

The Old Days. When paranoia was fun. Now it's a business.

answer, and I'm surprised how clear I sound through the morphine. "Two fucking... two fucking dickhead junkies jumped through the window almost on top of us. We were in bed. Only way for clear victory would have been if I'd been sleeping with a loaded revolver beside the pillow."

This almost makes me laugh in the stupid hospital cradle of a bed, if I could laugh, my stomach empty these past 20 hours since the start of surgery. What kind of American sleeps with a loaded .45 beside his pillow?

"Hey," comes the bear's bellow of Maxwell's bellowing voice through the long-distance wires, "I *always* sleep with a loaded .45 beside the bed!"

The laugh again, then a cough.

"You eating something?" I think I asked.

"Oh. Oh, yeah. A rib."

Courtesy call to the author on his bed of pain, you understand.

Max wasn't kidding about the .45. Naturally, he's toned down the act since Da Nang. "Oh, Jesus! You walk around with an M-16 and the Vietnamese wouldn't bat an eye. But when I carried a twelve-gauge Ithaca pump, they'd dive into the bushes. That shotgun made a hole like a brick going through your chest."

The Old Days. When paranoia was fun. Now it's a business. In the old days, not so long ago, when little Maxwell, six feet four of him, came marching

home from Saigon, he slept with the shotgun against the wall, the Colt to the right of the pillow, a holstered .38 slung over the bedpost at his feet, a loaded 30.30 leaning behind the door. But that was silly. That was show. That was the act. Who wants to keep checking into Holiday Inns with a 40-pound duffel bag full of guns? *Fun*, you understand, but it's essentially a ritual to cover the embarrassment of being stateside, something to re-create the feeling, that lovely adrenocorticotrophic rush, the eyes clear and the tip of the tongue dry, just the beginning of ooze, sweet sweat starting to pucker the underarms... nothing else like it. No substitute for Nam, except sex (and how long does that last?) and maybe dope. Marijuana. Growing sinsemilla. Growing dope kept Maxwell's campfires burning when he came home from the war. It kept the good organic speed slithering hither and thither in the old veins. Kept *fun* on the front burner. Yes! Keeps you laughing. Yes. Well, keeps you from yawning at least. ("Shit, I'd get so bored in a normal job.")

The Big Tuna Laugh flies out of Maxwell's face.

"This road is so bad. It hurts to drive it, doesn't it?"

He means me. It does hurt. I hold my wounded arm away from the window frame, the right arm with the little leather gimp brace that resembles a falconer's glove and helps to rebuild the main nerve. These freshly spliced ulna nerves do tend to jangle so...

Actually, the pickup rides the road as smooth as a salmon in a trough. Maxwell had it factory-fitted with every heavy-duty option available. The twin gas tanks hold enough so Max can drive between San Francisco and Denver, a distance of 1,200 miles, and only have to stop once for fuel.

The cab is immaculate. Washed out with a hose, scrubbed and uncluttered. On the seat there is only the Colt, under that a down vest and across the dash a newspaper at least three days old. The gang at the hideaway doesn't get to see the paper every day, but that's not the only reason why Maxwell is bringing in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a paper he considers "the most amusing daily rag in America." (He also enjoys the *New York Post*.) The *Chronicle* holds a front-page story of immediate professional interest to Maxwell:

NEW U.S. WAR
ON POT GROWERS

WASHINGTON: The Reagan adminis-

tration plans to use military helicopters and "hard-hitting" special strike forces against marijuana growers who use isolated federal lands in California and other states to produce their multibillion-dollar crop, a Justice Department official said yesterday.

Frank V. Monastero, assistant administrator for operations of the Drug Enforcement Administration, testified at a hearing on illegal marijuana cultivation before a Senate agricultural subcommittee headed by S.I. Hayakawa, R-Calif.

Another witness, George L. Farnham, national director of the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws, said \$10 billion worth of marijuana would be grown in the United States this year, making it the nation's number-two cash crop behind soybeans.

Monastero, the drug official, testified that the new paramilitary operations would combine "an aggressive search effort with highly mobile eradication teams."

He said this effort was necessary because local law enforcement officials lacked the equipment and the staff needed to deal with heavily armed marijuana growers...

In addition to obtaining helicopters from the Defense Department, he said, the drug agency will ask governors to "mobilize elements of the National Guard to support the effort." National Guardsmen have already been used in the fight against marijuana in Hawaii and Arkansas, Monastero said.

In California, state and local authorities have carried out paramilitary anti-marijuana operations with some federal assistance. The new operations apparently will be the first conducted with federal equipment and personnel...

He said the Reagan administration's crackdown on drug imports was causing an expansion of the domestic marijuana crop...

Robert Buford, director of the Bureau of Land Management, estimated that illegal marijuana production on the 340 million acres controlled by his agency probably exceeded \$5 billion last year. He said the annual marijuana crop on federal land in California was believed to exceed \$1.2 billion a year...

"Domestic marijuana producers have really developed what can be termed one of the most aggressive,

And then there were the tigers. Three of them. Full-grown Bengals, the size of imported pick- up trucks...

progressive processes of agriculture known to man," he said...

Buford also said the value of the marijuana and the increasing number of plantations around the country had caused a sharp increase in the number of dangerous confrontations between growers and federal employees and visitors to public lands. More than 800 such incidents were reported last year, he said.

"Employees have not only been threatened with rifles but have actually been shot at. In addition, booby traps constructed with pipe bombs, hand grenades, land mines, shotguns and punji sticks have been discovered, as have other traps such as fishhooks suspended at eye level."

Farnham, the NORML representative, said that instead of focusing on wiping out the marijuana crop, the government should legalize the weed. Regulation and taxation of both domestic and imported marijuana could raise several billion dollars for the U.S. Treasury each year, he said.

"It is futile to spend billions of additional dollars to control what can no longer be controlled within the confines of the criminal justice system," he said.

At the same time, on television, President Ronald Reagan, vodka-and-wine-

drinking son of an alcoholic father, is personally running up the narco flag against other people's poisons, the reef-er madness of at least 30 million adult Americans: "The momentum is with us. We're making no excuses for drugs, hard, soft or otherwise. Drugs are bad and we're going after them. As I've said before, we've taken down the surrender flag and run up the battle flag. We're going to win the war on drugs."

The president smiles when he says this because, as Maxwell points out, the president is always smiling. Smiling sincerely, the way a cheeseburger would smile. The president is smiling when he names one of the most destructive missiles ever built, "The Peacemaker." He's smiling when he resuscitates that charming maxim, "Better dead than Red." ("I would rather see my little girls die now, still believing in God.") Maxwell is a strange student of President Reagan's maxims. He memorized them like lines of blank verse. He assumes Ronald Reagan is probably smiling as he stares at the ceiling of the White House bedroom through tanned eyelids and a custom sleep mask. (Does Ronald Reagan use a sleep mask, a nice black leather one like the Lone Ranger's? I don't know. Does he use Valium, the most prescribed drug in America, a sleep-inducing prescription tranquilizer that accounts for more emergency-room admissions than any other drug, "hard, soft or otherwise," including heroin? Golly, who knows that either? No spokesperson at the White House or the Department of Justice will tell me.)

Ronald Reagan is calling the new drug war "Operation Hot Pursuit."

"This is it!" Maxwell has said more than once on the long ride out of the hideaway. Each time he's taken the carefully folded paper off the dash and slapped it smartly back. This is really it. DRUG WAR! Run up the battle flag! Mobile eradication teams! He can't believe it and yet he can, because he's always figured it would happen someday. Someday they'd come for him. In fact, truth be told, in his paranoid, action-freaked heart of hearts, Maxwell has secretly looked forward to this wild moment of personal drug-war Armageddon. Ronnie's Raiders. Rocketing out of the dawn sky on red-white-and-blue helicopters, gripping M-16s, wearing flak jackets. Just like... just like in... it's too fucking much! These guys, these narcos, the troops in the copters—they're bound to be vets just like him. Maxwell laughs like a man puking when he says this: If Ronnie's Raiders

land on top of him, how many will he recognize from I Corps?

Maxwell loves to talk about the vet growers he knows.

"They turned us on to dope over there," he says. "That's where I learned to smoke it. We came back and we moved up here, some of us. The country was our escape hatch. We didn't like the army and we didn't like the cities, either. You know what badgers are like, don't you? They'll run and run and dig and dig and they'll avoid confrontation for as long as they possibly can, and then when their backs are against the wall, they become the most vicious animal on earth and fight to the death. That's what these guys are like. I've talked to them. The government is going to try to confiscate their land, and some of them'll come out firing." Maxwell easily switches from the "other" vets to himself. "I've always told my mom I'm going to go out with a gun in my hand. She says, 'Oh, Maxwell, don't say that.' But I'm serious."

Max still can't believe the news of the drug war. His voice rises and his head shakes from side to side.

"With all the crime! With all the unemployment! With all the heroin, man, they're coming after marijuana growers!"

("I have trouble separating out marijuana at one end from heroin at the other," Rudolpho J. Giuliani, associate attorney general and the Italian field marshal in Ronald Reagan's Protestant army, will tell me four months later.)

The road winds and winds, climbs and twists along the bony brown ridge. We pass homesteads every quarter-mile or so. Odd-shaped cabins sit here and there in clumps of eucalyptus and pine. Some are standard frame-and-shingle affairs. Others are more eccentric. An elaborate three-story tower built of raw-milled redwood sits next to one house.

"I asked Roscoe what he *did* at the top of that thing," explains Maxwell as we drive by, "and he said, 'Man, that's my money-counting, dope-packing tower. I sit up at the top and I can see anybody coming from miles around.'"

The Big Tuna Laugh: "Fuck, when I'm counting my money, I like to have a real clear view, too."

We pass a locked metal gate, which is so elaborate it looks as if it should be guarding a mansion in Bel Air or Terrytown. A sign is wired to the center of the gate: TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT.

Most folks here 'bouts seem to pursue Max's line of work.

... Not to mention the leopard and a brace of Dobermans, one of which quickly lunched on the leg of a narcotics officer.

Another couple of miles and the thick scrub forest of manzanita, chaparral and black oak gives way suddenly on the right to a naked slope of grass, still long and brown from the summer. Maxwell points down the gully to the bottom of the hill where it is rocky and dry. The hideaway.

"Welcome to Tobacco Road," says Maxwell.

Max doesn't bother to open the cyclone gate. He maneuvers around it. The driveway is only two tracks in the grass, and the angle of the hill is so steep we both must brace ourselves for the descent.

"I really should get myself some belts," says Maxwell, "and belt us down. We could get thrown out."

Yes. The pickup is bouncing now. Maxwell's smiling. He loves this. Max is an off-the-road man. He's taking the descent at twice the speed a sane man would and he's doing it not to impress me but because it's fun.

We slide to a bare spot at the bottom and Maxwell honks three times. Nobody comes out.

"I really should get a couple of Dobies for this operation," says Max. "Don't you think?"

"Keep a low profile, Max," I say, "like the tiger farm."

"Yes," says Maxwell. He slams the GMC into park and waits.

The Tiger Farm. Now, that was an

operation. We've talked about it, too, on the way out. The tiger farm was not particularly low-profile. Some 500 plants, worth perhaps one million dollars wholesale, had been visible from the spotter plane of the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement (BNE). The spanking-new five-bedroom house where the growers lived was in plain sight of the busy highway that winds from San Jose to the beach, not 200 miles from where we are. And then there were the tigers. Three of them. Full-grown Bengals, the size of imported pickup trucks. Not to mention the leopard, two German shepherds and a brace of Dobermans, one of which quickly lunched on the leg of a narcotics officer. Luckily for the state's raiders, when the bust began the big cats were locked away, growling and pacing in enormous wire cages, each one larger than a fenced-in tennis court.

"It would have been hard to sneak up on the tigers," Mitchel Brown, the BNE agent in charge, had said. "They sure make good watchcats."

"Tigers!" Max howls from the cab of the truck. "Can you imagine what it costed to feed three tigers and a leopard? They would have had to butcher a steer a day. Talk about drawing attention to yourself!"

What Maxwell had done for guards was hire guys who used to work steel in Pittsburgh. He paid them \$350 a week with a \$40 food allowance. This was cheaper than tigers any day, and tigers can't hold a shotgun.

Maxwell has no trouble sympathizing with a bunch of lunatics who guarded their crop with wild tigers. He was considered overly militaristic himself in the mid-'70s. He established defense perimeters and used land-line field phones around this operation at the bottom of the hill. He was one of the first to rent a plane and fly over the land to make sure "L.E.," Law Enforcement, the bogies, the narcos, couldn't see what was going on.

Maxwell has always considered himself a creative entrepreneur. His marijuana plantations were run on the principles of vanguard capitalism. "We even sold futures at two-thirds to three-quarters of market value. This way I got my working capital up front. We would divide the spoils along a line of ownership, as you would a private corporation. The value of your input determined your profit. Input might be your four-wheel-drive vehicles or your land or your investment money. The system

/ continued on page 58





Founded 20 years ago by beat poets Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg, the Fugs, the unlikely rock band ever, were an integral part of the '60s and had, as Sanders says, "an impact on an entire generation."

At the time of the first British invasion, Sanders and Kupferberg felt the liberating potential of the music of the Beatles, Stones and others. Combine that energy with the power of the word and you just might have a revolutionary force. And during that decade the revolution seemed imminent.

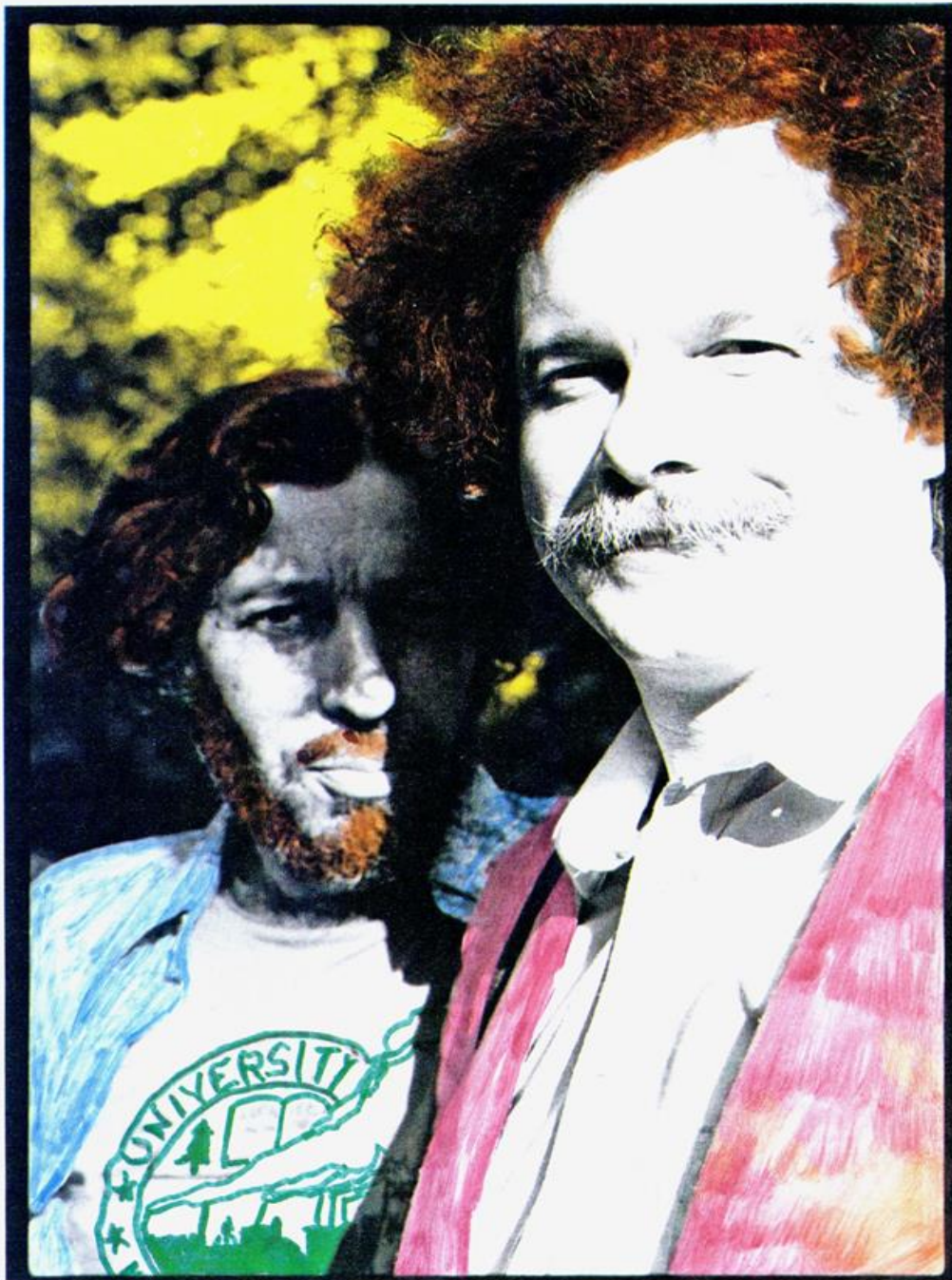
Being a bit older and a lot wiser than the average college kid, Sanders and Kupferberg were aware of, and could articulate their anger—and their humor. They unleashed a frontal assault on the prevailing attitudes toward God and country, love and hate, life and death.

The Fugs flourished in New York during the heady days of '66-'67, when they held court at the Players Theater on MacDougal Street. To be young and innocent and to see this band proved that your instincts were right. Sex wasn't bad. War was cruel and wasteful. And drugs were fun. The Fugs epitomized the generation gap better than anyone else.

The Fugs' repertoire included, in about equal

The Fugs

The legendary *enfants terribles* of rock return—15 years later. Interview by Richard Fantina, photos by Lisa Haun.



doses, love songs, drug songs and anti-war songs. They could have coined the phrase "sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll." They emphasized the spiritual as well as the physical. Who else would set to music and record William Blake's "How Sweet I Roamed (from Field to Field)"?

The Fugs, who broke up in 1969, regrouped in 1984. They performed four shows at the Bottom Line in New York in June. They were a little more laid back than the old Fugs, but just as committed, splitting their set about evenly between old material and new songs. Today their old records are out-of-print and collector's items. But a live album, recorded at the reunion gig, will be released sometime soon. In addition to Sanders and Kupferberg, the new band consists of: Vinny Leary (who played

on their second album) on guitar; Steve Taylor, guitar; Coby Batty, drums; and Mark Kramer, bass and keyboards. Several former Fugs—Lee Crabtree, Bill Czabo and Al Fowler—have died in the intervening years. Ted Berrigan, who wrote one of the Fugs' most memorable songs, "Doin' All Right" passed away last year. One important ex-Fug, Ken Weaver, declined to rejoin the band.

HIGH TIMES spoke separately with Tuli Kupferberg and Ed Sanders shortly after the reunion shows. The interviews have been combined to give a more conversational feel.

HIGH TIMES: *How did the Fugs begin?*

ED SANDERS: I had my bookstore on East Tenth Street and we used to go to poetry readings at the Café La Metro.

After the readings we'd go down to the Dom. I'd never seen poets dancing before—people like Robert Creeley, Joel Oppenheimer, Leroi Jones [now Amiri Baraka].

TULI KUPFERBERG: So after the readings we'd get drunk and poets would actually get up and dance, or try to dance, to the Beatles. And Ed got the idea that this might be a good combination—our rather more involved lyrics and the new music. He suggested that we start a group.

And I picked the name from Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. There's a funny story about that. Dorothy Parker was supposed to have met Mailer at a party and she said to him, "Oh, yes. You're the young man who doesn't know how to spell 'fuck.'"

Anyway, everything happened very fast. We started out about three-quarters as a gag... I guess we always were that but a lot of people liked us. Peter Stampfel and Steve Weber certainly added a lot to our music.

SANDERS: We started rehearsing in my bookstore—

HIGH TIMES: *You moved your Peace Eye bookstore to Avenue A. It was right across from the Psychedelicatessen, wasn't it?*

SANDERS: Just down the block. I went by there the other day and saw with horror that my old bookstore on Avenue A is now a dog-food store.

Anyway, originally it was just Tuli and I. And Ken Weaver was crashing at my bookstore and I found out he used to play drums in his high-school marching band, so he joined. And I'd known Steve Weber for years. He and Peter Stampfel were in the Holy Modal Rounders and they started coming to our practices. They performed with us for a while. This was in the fall of '65. Then we added a bass player.

HIGH TIMES: *That was Charlie Larkey, wasn't it? He later married Carole King.*

SANDERS: Charlie was the bass player we added later on. I made the mistake of taking all the Fugs out to California. Larkey fell in love with Carole King. Danny Kooch ended up staying out there. He played with Linda Ronstadt for a while. He's now making an album with Don Henley.

HIGH TIMES: *How long were you at the Players Theater?*

SANDERS: I stopped counting but we ran about 900 performances in '66 and '67.

KUPFERBERG: That was a good place because it was small and we became theater there, which is what I think we always were anyway. In the old days

Ed wouldn't let me sing. Maybe he was right. So I had to work out skits and routines and they became a large part of the show which you don't get from the records.

HIGH TIMES: *Tuli, I didn't remember you singing at all in the old shows, so I was surprised that you sang a lot of songs at the Bottom Line.*

KUPFERBERG: I guess Ed didn't want to monopolize the thing as much as he did back then. Occasionally I'm on key. There was a funny incident that happened at one of the shows. While I was on the floor doing "Frenzy," my keys fell out of my pocket and Vinny said, "You lost your key." And I said, "I've been doing that all evening."

HIGH TIMES: *Where did you go after the Players Theater?*

KUPFERBERG: We toured quite a bit. We did cities in America, avoiding the South as much as possible. We did do universities in Austin and Houston. We traveled by car between the two cities. It was like armored cars. We'd send the women out to buy our food. We didn't want to take any chances. And we did two or three European tours which were exciting.

SANDERS: We toured a lot but we had problems with getting picketed by right-wing groups and one time we had to appear with ACLU lawyers.

HIGH TIMES: *Just because of the name?*

SANDERS: That, and the content of the show, the erotic lyrics. Nobody was doing anything like that then. And the bigger the place we played the more conservative was the structure we were performing under. Once we played these places and they saw what we were like, they wouldn't have us back. It was like slash-and-burn. That's a weird analogy but it was like that.

HIGH TIMES: *Your first records were on local New York labels?*

SANDERS: Our first record was on Folkways/Broadside. Harry Smith was a friend. He had produced an important collection of folksongs. He was our connection with Folkways. We were called the Village Fugs then. Then ESP came along and bought out the rights.

KUPFERBERG: ESP had a wonderful tactic of releasing the same album with a different cover.

HIGH TIMES: *How did you get signed to Reprise, which had a reputation of being Frank Sinatra's label, and therefore very conservative?*

SANDERS: Well, they had Joni Mitchell and Jimi Hendrix, too. But first we were with Atlantic for a while. Jerry Wexler signed us. We prepared an album, which

"He played
our record for
Frank Sinatra
once, and
Sinatra said,
'Well, I guess
you know what
you're doing.'"

in some ways I think was our best, that was never released because they objected to some of the material, especially "Wet Dream over You." The company was about to be sold and they were afraid that if we were on the label, it would cheapen the price of the label. The irony of the thing is that they were sold to the same company that finally signed us.

Mo Ostin was the guy at Reprise and he never gave us any trouble. He was terrific. He never tried to censor us at all. He told us that he played our record for Frank Sinatra once and that Sinatra had said, "Well, I guess you know what you're doing."

HIGH TIMES: *Why did the Fugs break up?*

KUPFERBERG: I'm not quite sure. I think there were artistic differences between Ed and myself. Ed wanted to refine it. Ed had become a fine musician and I'm of the artistic school that, if it doesn't come easy for me, it's not for me. When I write, I have no pretense in my poetry of following form or even being able to master that. It doesn't seem worth it. My attitude with the Fugs was the same, whereas Ed was more of a classicist. So that created some artistic problems. They may still be there, but if you can work them together I think it can be a strength.

I thought of us then as buffoons. I

basically don't think I'm any different from anyone else. My humor has always been raw and vulgar and if it includes a lot of ideas it's only because I've read a lot of books. It's not a fault to have ideas. I'll draw from any source.

SANDERS: There's an adage that if you stay together for five years you'll stay together forever. We made it to four and a half.

There were the usual unnatural excesses and all the stereotype problems of keeping a band on the road. It's hard to keep five smart, jittery egomaniacs confined to the same phone booth.

Then there's the questions: What kind of personality feels the compulsion to work a crowd and get up on-stage? How does that relate to mental aberration? Is that totally healthy? It's an innocent aberration but it is an obsession that can lead to complications. I was the leader of the group at the time and I was spending ten or fifteen hours a day running a rock band when I really wanted to be a poet. It was impinging on my poesy time. Plus, we'd done just about everything we wanted to do. We had an impact on an entire generation. We had toured, made records and played off-Broadway. We did countless benefits—for WBAI, WIN magazine, various antiwar groups, underground newspapers like EVO, the Diggers, for people who were arrested and needed bail money, for galleries.

KUPFERBERG: I would have continued with the Fugs. I think when we were really needed was the '70s, when almost nothing was going on in any area.

HIGH TIMES: *You probably wouldn't have flourished.*

KUPFERBERG: Ed and I didn't stop our work just because it wasn't reaching millions of people like it did in the '60s. Since we're in another terrible political crisis, this may be a felicitous time as far as having more of an impact.

HIGH TIMES: *Tuli, you talked about your humor as being raw and vulgar. I can see that in the '60s, profanity and all that was liberating. But today some people find it sexist.*

KUPFERBERG: Even then we had songs like "What Are You Doing After the Orgy?" which is an antisexist song.

HIGH TIMES: *What about songs like "Boobs a Lot"?*

KUPFERBERG: "Boobs a Lot" is Steve Weber's fault. Unfortunately, it's probably the most requested song. But let me give you a broad perspective. I'm older than most people. I used to be billed as "the oldest rock star." I was born in 1923, so I'm sixty. So I was in my

forties even then. I come from an old perspective—to have a sexual revolution that's a good one, you have to have sex. And in those days you didn't have sex until you were married, and then you had terrible sex. We found the idea of any kind of sex—even just talking about it—very liberating. So our excuse is that we thought we were better informed than most of the people at the time were and that we were just victims of the zeitgeist. So that explanation satisfied me for a while until I realized that I always had higher standards than that for other people. For instance, you could say that in the eighteenth century everyone owned slaves in America. When Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death," he owned 150 slaves. So, what can I say if we were wrong then? We'll try to be better.

HIGH TIMES: *You said onstage at the Bottom Line that there were certain Fugs songs that you wouldn't be doing for various reasons.*

SANDERS: There are some songs that we didn't want to do, like "Coca-Cola Douche," "Saran Wrap," "Supergirl" and "Boobs a Lot." We never did "Boobs a Lot" live, anyway. "Saran Wrap" was about something we read about teenage kids using Saran Wrap as prophylactics. "Supergirl" could be a good song but we'd have to have new lyrics. As you know, we updated "Slum Goddess."

Once the vice-president of the Coca-Cola company came to a Fugs show and we did "Coca-Cola Douche" and he wanted to sue us. We wished he had. It would have been great publicity.

HIGH TIMES: *One of the most requested songs which you didn't perform at the reunion was "Doin' All Right."*

KUPFERBERG: I like that song. That's Ted Berrigan's song. In a way, I think, that was the most typical of all our songs. It had politics, sex and humor. Ed thinks it has a racist phrase. I still don't think it's a racist phrase.

HIGH TIMES: *You mean, "I'm getting almost as much pussy as the spades."*

KUPFERBERG: Well, since Ted believed that getting pussy was wonderful, in a way it's a backhanded compliment. It's a compliment that maybe blacks didn't want. But it was there. Like people saying, "The Jews really know how to handle money." To me, as a Jew, that sounds disgusting. So that was the intent. I don't think Ted was a vicious racist. Sexist? Maybe. I love the line, "I'm not ever gonna go to Vietnam/I prefer to stay right here and screw your mom." I think artists should have the freedom to do whatever they want. Talking about sex

"Once the vice-president of the Coca-Cola company came to a Fugs show and we did 'Coca-Cola Douche' and he wanted to sue us. We wished he had."

all the time gets sort of boring but you should be able to have all these options. **SANDERS:** "Doin' All Right" was written by a major American poet. It was a fine song for its day, but it has lyrics that I don't want to sing in 1984.

KUPFERBERG: If you decide something is no longer your ideology, why do it?

SANDERS: What I'd like to do is present our best old songs and relevant new material.

HIGH TIMES: *So this was not just a one-time reunion?*

KUPFERBERG: I'm ready to go on with it. I think Ed may have some other commitments. But we've already had offers from some places in the States and also from Europe. I'm sure we could do a European tour.

SANDERS: We're going to release an album. But I'm very much involved as a community activist in Woodstock where I've lived for the past ten years. My idea is that we get together and do a Fugs show once a year. I personally am not ready to tour again.

But there are reasons for the Fugs to be back together. We felt we had something to say during the very symbolic

year of 1984. The message is contained in the two songs "Refuse to Be Burned Out" and "Keeping the Issues Alive." Both those songs underline our whole purpose.

Also, we wanted to commemorate three guys who'd been in the band—Bill Czabo, Al Fowler and Lee Crabtree. And also Ted Berrigan. "Refuse to Be Burned Out" is dedicated to them.

HIGH TIMES: *What about Ken Weaver?* **SANDERS:** Ken Weaver is a born-again Christian and he's filling out employment forms for a job with CIA.

KUPFERBERG: He found religion and he got married. I think he met his wife at a revival meeting. That's where he comes from and that's what he went back to. I remember, though, in his East Village flat, he had his dishonorable discharge hanging on the wall in a place of honor. He was in air-force intelligence and he was thrown out for grass-smoking. He has a new book, *Texas Crude*, which is pretty interesting. It's a collection of Texas vulgar expressions and some of them are really crude. He's a linguist.

But he didn't want to play with us again. He told us that part of his new job opportunity would be with the CIA—not in any sensitive areas. I'm sure they wouldn't want him. But listen, Ken, you can always come back.

HIGH TIMES: *Ed, what were those bizarre musical instruments you were playing at the Bottom Line?*

SANDERS: They were three homemade instruments. I have a laboratory up in Woodstock and I made them. The first one was the Light Lyre. The second was the Pulse Lyre, which is a pair of keyboards mounted on two fingers of a pair of gloves—the left hand is a bass octave and the right is treble—which I control by two fingers on each hand. The third one was the Talking Tie, which is a polyphonic synthesizer. It has a pressure-sensitive switching membrane mounted to a tie. And the pressure-sensitive switching membrane travels over a color-coded computer cable through a keying matrix into a synth.

HIGH TIMES: *Ed, what kind of community issues are you involved in in Woodstock?*

SANDERS: We are fighting against the Nine Mile Tube being built on Lake Ontario. It's a bigger boondoggle than Shoreham, if you can believe that. We're fighting against the cancer firms and electric rate increases and we have a long-standing struggle against the phone company. I put out a newsletter called *The Sanders Report* dealing with all

these issues.

HIGH TIMES: *When and how did you become politically active?*

SANDERS: You'd have to blame it on Allen Ginsberg. I read *Howl* when I was very young. And it left a mark on me. I memorized it. I got involved in poetry. I studied very seriously. Then when I was going to school in New York, around 1959, I read an article about I.F. Stone and then I began reading his newsletter avidly. Then I began reading the *Monthly Review*. Then I started reading *Evergreen Review*. I got involved with the Committee for Nonviolent Action. I got to know the *Catholic Worker*. I took part in peace walks. In '61 I walked 600 miles on a peace walk from Ohio to New York, which was part of the Moscow to Washington Peace Walk. I was on an integrated peace march in '62 from Nashville to D.C. In '61 I spent the summer trying to board Polaris submarines. The navy sent frogmen after us. My first book, *Poem from Jail*, was about that.

KUPFERBERG: I'll give you a brief summary of my development. Since I go back so far, I remember the Depression. I remember people living in Central Park in shacks like you see in Latin America today. Shacks built out of crates and pieces of tin. So I became radicalized then. My father had a luggage shop which failed during the Depression and he became a garment worker for the rest of his life. There was a strong Jewish radical tradition in America then. I be-

came a communist (with a small c) when I was thirteen when I was in a high school for smart kids on Twenty-third Street. There was what was probably a Communist-front youth organization functioning there at the time and I joined. So I've been a radical for almost fifty years. Being a radical then meant being close to the Communist party because it was the most prominent group. Then the Spanish Civil War happened and there were a lot of critics of the Communist party—Trotskyists especially. Gradually I moved closer to them and by the '50s I was what you would call an anarchist. But I hate all those labels now. I take my ideas from anywhere. If I had to label myself, I'd say I'm a small c communist, a small a anarchist.

Marxist theory may still have some kind of structure to it—although I doubt it—but there's no anarchist theory or system that I know of that even pretends to know how to get us from where we are to where we should be. Now people are talking about a world where the working class may be disappearing and being replaced by microchips. I don't know what that does to Marxist theory. I don't know how the proletariat is going to take over if there's no proletariat.

HIGH TIMES: *Do you vote?*

KUPFERBERG: Well, yeah. I hold my nose and I vote. But I also tell people that voting is dumb and useless. I don't believe in elitism but it is a kind of elit-

ism: I can vote because I'm not fooled. Voting is an abdication—you get a sense that you're doing something but you're really doing nothing. I can see voting as a tactic but I say you should vote without illusions. I mean, if you're not doing anything better that day, go and vote because it can make a difference. But I don't like the fact that people vote and then they don't do anything else for the next four years and they're handing power to these bastards. If you vote once in four years, you're not being political, you're being deceived.

We got the electoral college system because our founding fathers didn't trust the people. There've been about ten presidents who we don't know if they received a majority of popular votes or not. And we still have that fucking system now. And there are obvious, easy solutions to that. Just abolish the electoral college and add up the total votes—whoever gets the most votes wins. It's quite possible that Reagan will not get the majority of the popular vote this year although it's more than likely he's going to win.

In this electronic age each citizen should be allowed to vote on major issues like the budget, declaring war and things like that. I wish there was some way to get more people involved.

HIGH TIMES: *The thing about being involved in the '60s is that it was actually fun.*

KUPFERBERG: Yeah, we've got to make it fun again. And that's why the Fugs are on your TV screen tonight. □

If You Want to be President
(shortened version)

tune: "If You Want to Be Married/
Lead A Happy Life..."

If you want to be President
A very long while
Be sure you invade
A very small isle.

For if it is tiny
And its soldiers are few
They'll never make
A fool out of you.

You may kill with impunity
Kill for a lark
If the color of your victims
Is rather dark.

And all of the Americans
Will love you too
If the total dead Americans
Is rather few.

But when the number mounts up
As it did in Vietnam
Then you could be
In a bad political jam

So invade a tiny island
Where the soldiers are naive
And leave Nicaragua
To the mercenaries.

And always kill people
For their own good
Ban meetings, censor papers
For Libertyhood.

Postpone the elections
That you said you sought
For what if the results
Are not what they ought?

Protect all Americans
Kill a lesser breed
It's the black man's burden
It's your blood lust that you feed.

Old soldiers never die
They only kill
And moviestars with general's bars
They fill the corporate till.

O Someone else's suffering
Is in'tresting to see
You can watch it every night
On CBS or NBC.

Tho we can only have
One nuclear war
Well 1-2-3 Vietnams
We can have even more!

So if you want to stay President
A very long while
Be sure you invade
A tiny, tiny isle.

For if it is small enough
And its soldiers very few
It can never make
A fool out of you... (I think)

TASTING UNCLE SAM'S STASH

Can Government-Grown Pot Compete in an Open Market?

by Ed Rosenthal

Recently I was given a marihuana cigarette by a cancer patient who received his stash from the government. This was the first time that I was able to test medical marihuana grown for the government.

The government sponsors a research program at the University of

Mississippi and uses the marihuana grown there both for research and for medical prescriptions from all over the United States. The marihuana is supplied in the form of regular-sized cigarettes, rolled on a cigarette rolling machine. The cigarettes look innocent enough, except that the ends are green rather than brown.

Using a small-bladed knife, I dissected the cigarette lengthwise, along the seam. The

contents of the cigarette consisted of sunleaf, leaf stems and a few growing tips, all in the vegetative state. They were yellow or brownish green colored.

Visually comparing the marihuana from the joint with some standard references in my library, the marihuana looked like early-harvested lower plant parts. This material is commonly discarded or sold for under \$100 a pound.

I gathered a panel of daily smokers who prefer sinsemilla, sometimes grow their own, but who have been known to smoke Colombian. There was enough marihuana for two joints. After passing the lit sticks around, I elicited comments.

"[This is] foul and evil stuff."

"Like the first bag of pot I bought—through *Rolling Stone*."

"Not good-tasting, but I feel it."

"Leafy, harsh, one-quarter the potency of sinsemilla. The kind of pot you smoke when you're going

cold turkey from nicotine."

"Wow. This is really harsh, hot and dry-tasting."

"Hey, this stuff tastes a lot better than government pot."

I found the joint to be very harsh, as harsh a sunleaf as I have tasted. This is probably because of the small stems, which are cut fine and mixed with the leaf. The pot was relatively strong, though, especially for leaf from immature plants.

I have noticed, however, that the buzz I get from an immature plant has different qualities than the high from mature flowers. Perhaps the plant produces a slightly different analogue in the flowers. The government-sponsored researchers decided not to use flowers because they contain too much resin and gum up the rolling machine, which was manufactured for tobacco.

The university grows only one Mexican variant for medical use.

CANNABIS AND CHEMOTHERAPY

New Uses for Marijuana in Medicine

Many cancer patients who are compelled to undergo chemotherapy treatments can be greatly helped by marihuana and its preparations and derivatives. Chemotherapy involves giving cancer patients a variety of drugs which greatly reduce the function of their immune systems, so that anticancer agents can work directly on tumors to shrink and eradicate them. While chemotherapy greatly improves a patient's chances of surviving the disease and being restored to health, unfortunately these chemotherapy drugs have a tendency to induce nausea and vomiting in the patients given them. Sometimes these noxious side effects are so uncomfortable and frightening that some patients choose to abandon chemotherapy and take their chances with the disease.

For chemotherapy patients who encounter these side effects of nausea and vomiting, therefore, marihuana can literally mean the difference between life and death.

When smoked or eaten, the delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) in marihuana works directly on an area in the basebrain called the "chemoreceptor trigger zone" (CTZ), to prevent the firing of nerve-impulses out of this area. These are the nerve impulses that promote nausea and vomiting when a person is exposed to chemotherapeutic agents; by "masking" the CTZ in this way, THC directly abolishes nausea and vomiting, and thus significantly contributes to the efficacy of chemotherapy agents in most patients.

Although many government experts—particularly those who have never worked directly with chemotherapy patients—promote the use of capsules of pure THC for this purpose, to be taken orally, the fact is that for most patients who can smoke, the smoking of marihuana is a far more effective way to take this medication. There is no way to tell beforehand how much of a swallowed dose of THC will be

absorbed across the stomach lining into the bloodstream, so that patients taking THC capsules are often given an insufficient dose to abolish emesis, or are given so much THC that its side effects of lethargy and "spaciness" become unpleasant themselves. When a patient is allowed to subjectively self-measure THC from a burning marihuana cigarette, things work much better; the patient can inhale just enough marihuana smoke to abolish emetic convulsions before they occur, without having to smoke so much that sleepiness or "spaciness" supervene.

Marihuana, along with its derivatives and preparations, is legally available now for experimental therapies in the treatment of glaucoma and cancer chemotherapy. Persons wishing to learn how they can contact these programs are best referred to: Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics, 709 Eighth St. SE, Apt. A, Washington, D.C. 20003, (202) 483-8595. □

— "Dr. X"

G
G R O W
AMERICAN

This variety was arbitrarily chosen as the sole source of medicine because Carlton Turner (White House Drug Czar) and the researchers associated with the program felt that each cannabinoid mix in each variety would need a filing as an investigative new drug, and that the plant components were so complex that starting on more than one was unrealistic.

Patients who rely on the government are getting a raw deal. The pot they receive is not worth more than \$5 to \$20 an ounce on the open market. If they want a better grade, they are not permitted to purchase it. The government is getting a raw deal, too. The cultivation program costs taxpayers much more per ounce than it would have to pay on the open market for the pot it is receiving. The government certainly pays more than \$6.25 an ounce, the cost of a pound at \$100.

Perhaps the government should buy pot from independent cultivators. If the government bought leaf from growers, it would function as the first subsidy for marijuana cultivators. There would be so many farmers lining up to supply the government with pot that a crash program would be inaugurated to find suitable recipients. There would be cancer/glaucoma-screening clinics so that the shake surplus would not have to be stored in special grass silos. Perhaps the government would distribute the surplus to underdeveloped countries like Colombia . . . Of course, there would be the problem of what to do with the buds.

Just as with prescription drugs, slight variations in the formula of different varieties may affect patients and symptoms in different ways. One variety of marijuana may be better to relieve symptoms of chemotherapy, another for radiation therapy and still another for glaucoma.

The university has not investigated other possible medical uses of marijuana. For instance, the long-term effects of marijuana on blood-pressure have not been looked into. □



Illustration by Steven Max Singer

Patients who rely on the government are getting a raw deal. The pot they receive is not worth more than \$5 to \$20 an ounce in the open market. If they want a better grade they are not permitted to purchase it.



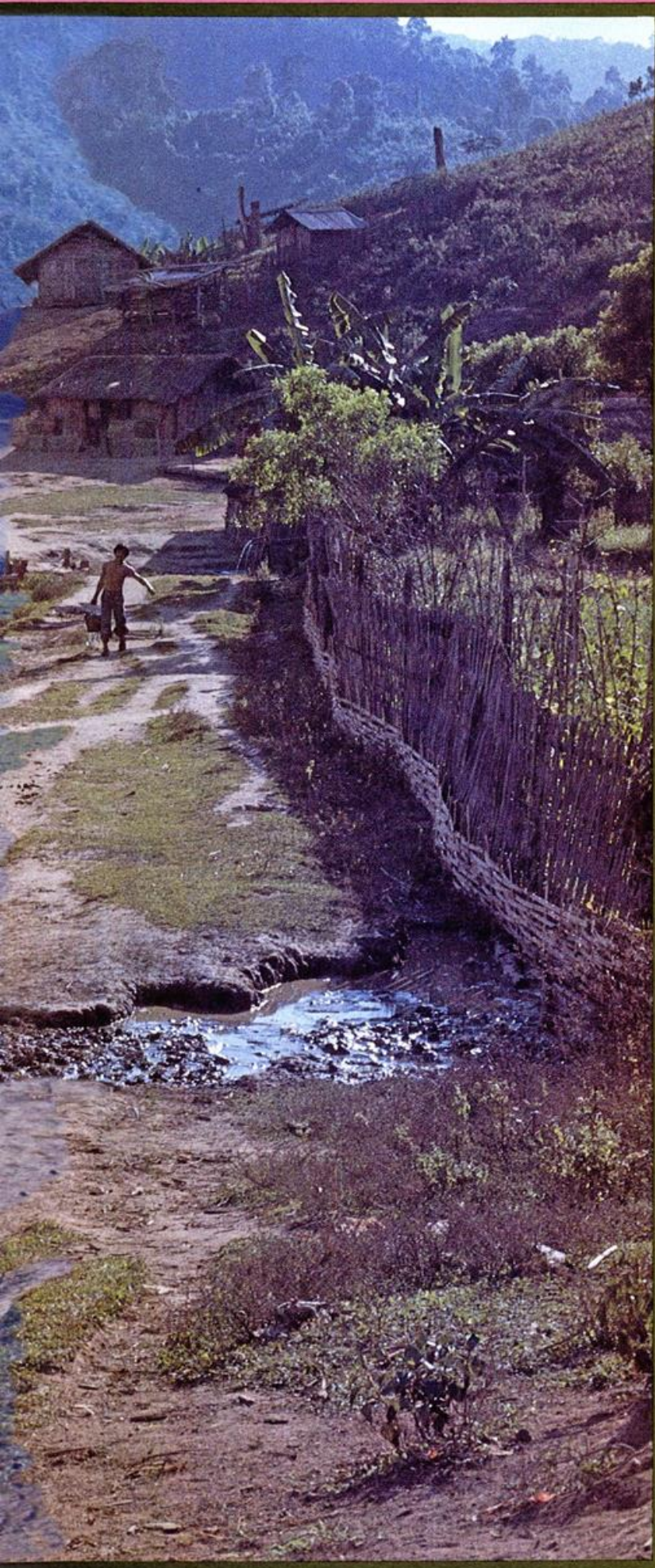
In Golden Triangle the poppies grow...

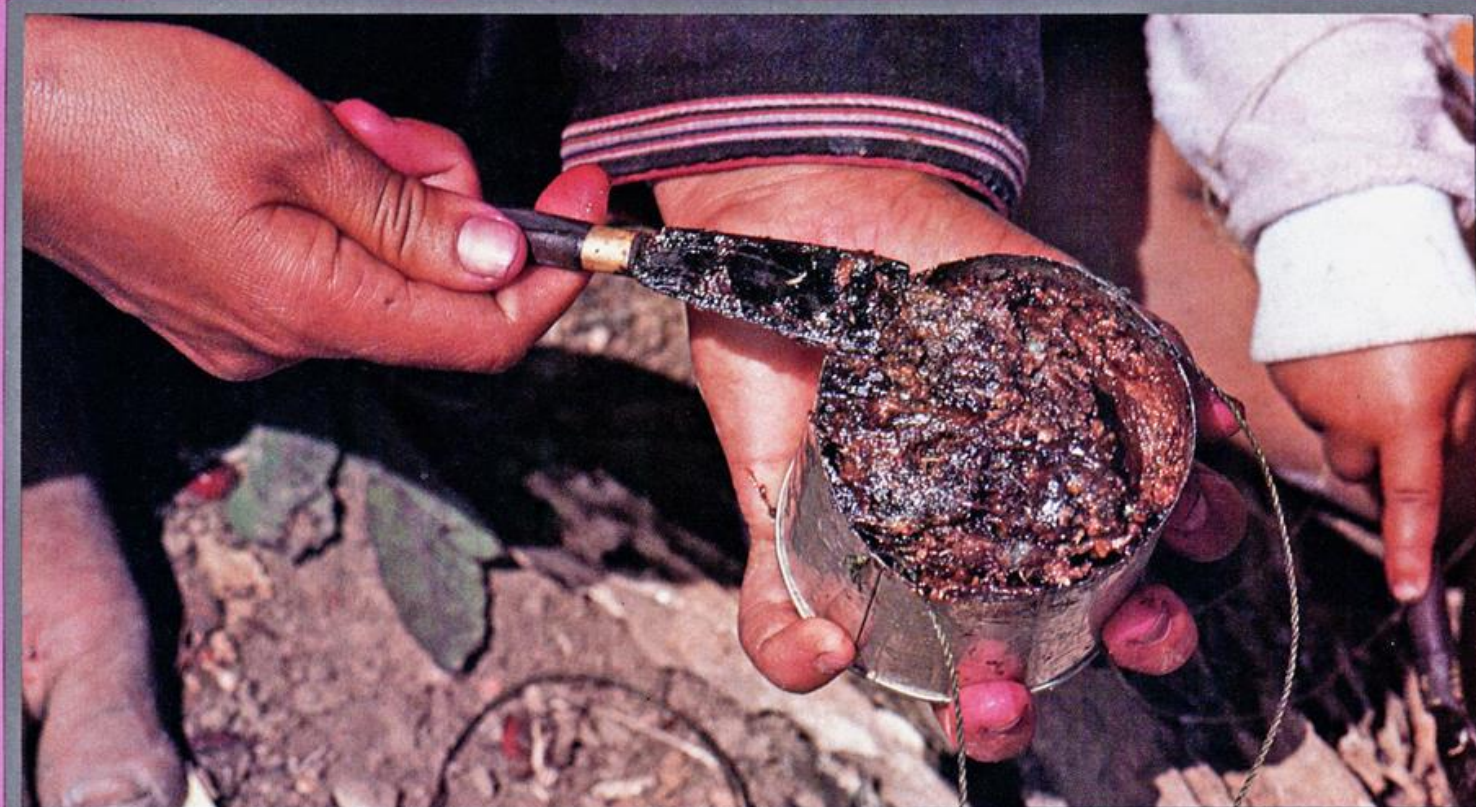
by Lola "Dinamita" Gonzalez

HIDDEN AMONGST THE DEEP FORESTS AND RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF BURMA'S SHAN STATE, NORTH THAILAND AND NORTHWEST LAOS, ARE THOUSANDS OF VILLAGES INHABITED BY THE PEOPLE OF MORE THAN 10 CULTURALLY AND LINGUISTICALLY DISTINCT HILL TRIBES.

WITH THEIR ANCESTRAL ROOTS IN THE HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS OF SOUTH CHINA, THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE'S TRIBAL PEOPLES ARE SPIRIT-WORSHIPING SLASH-AND-BURN FARMERS STEEPED IN ANCIENT TRADITIONS. FOR CENTURIES THEY HAVE GROWN RICE, CORN AND OPIUM POPPY ON MOUNTAIN FIELDS HACKED OUT OF VIRGIN FOREST, MIGRATING IN SEARCH OF FRESH LAND WHEN THE FIELDS NEAR THEIR VILLAGE WERE EXHAUSTED OF THEIR NUTRIENTS. THEIR HOUSES ARE MADE WITH THE WOOD, BAMBOO AND THATCH OR LEAVES FROM THE FOREST.

THIS VILLAGE OF THE AKHA TRIBE IS SITUATED RIGHT ON THE BURMESE-THAI BORDER, A VOLATILE REGION CONTROLLED BY SEVERAL SHAN AND CHINESE KUOMINTANG ARMIES VYING FOR DOMINATION OF THE LUCRATIVE OPIUM TRADE, GOODS-SMUGGLING AND HEROIN-REFINING.





Opium fills the collecting tin of a Yao woman after a morning of scraping incised seedpods. The sticky, sappy-smelling drug is traditionally wrapped in dried sheets of poppy petals in balls of one *jo* (1.6 kilos) and is sold, without further processing, to Chinese merchants in the villages. The 1984 price for fresh raw opium is approximately 5000–6000 baht (about \$250) per *jo*. A hardworking family can harvest from one to 15 *jo*s of opium each year, depending on the size of their fields and on weather conditions.

This woman's fingers are stained red by a dye used to color eggs for her children during the Yao New Year celebrations.

Opium-smoker Ja Lee (below) sucks slowly and deeply as he prods a fizzling ball of cooked opium mix burning over the hole near the end of his bamboo pipe. Heavy addicts can smoke up to 100 pipes a day, and sometimes smoke all night. Before leaving for the fields in the morning, an opium addict needs a few pipes and most lie down for a few more at midday.

Ja Lee, although young, has an insatiable habit. He has tried to stop, without success. After a 20-day stint in a government hospital, he said, "They have a drug to help you stop, but there isn't one to help you forget."











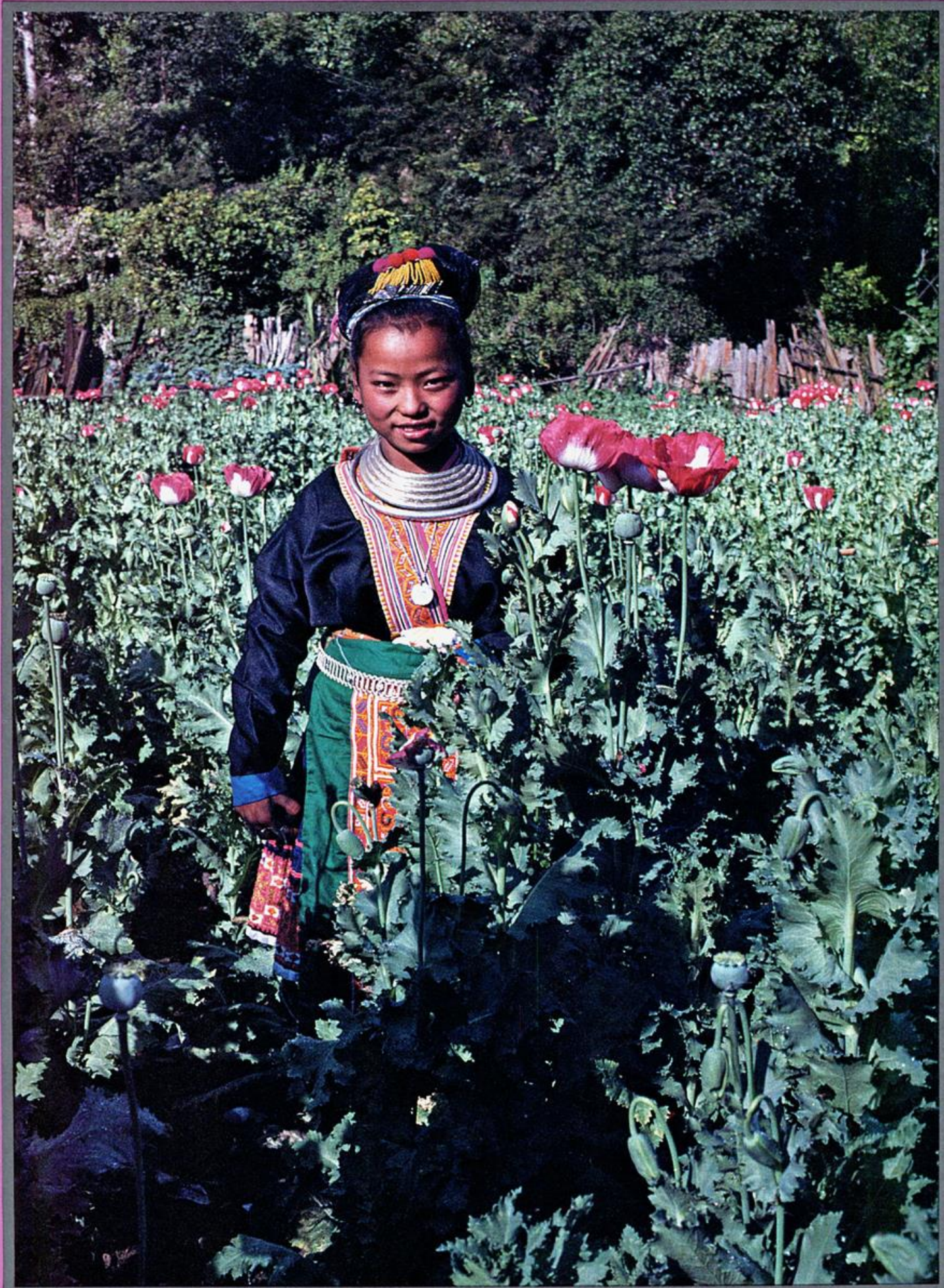
Tribal people in the Golden Triangle, living high amongst isolated mountain ranges, have seen few of the changes that have swept the lowlands during the past 50 years.

These betel-chewing maidens of the Karen tribe wear their finest costumes during their New Year celebrations. Karen women and girls weave all of their own clothes, bags and blankets on a simple backstrap loom using homespun cotton.

Their heavy brass and aluminum bracelets are part of their elaborate everyday dress.

The Karen tribe is the largest tribal group in Thailand. They lead peaceful farming lives in the hills and have traditionally not grown opium. Burma's Karens, however, have for more than 20 years been bitterly fighting the central government for independence.





COMBATING THE MENACE OF MITES

An attack at harvest time does not have to be fatal.

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

This is my first crop. I was growing in a room eight feet high, and two months later my plants were hitting the ceiling. They are now four and one-half months old and almost ready for harvest. However, the plants are now severely infested with spider mites. In the last two weeks I lost six plants to them and the remaining ones are threatened.

—Florida Friend

Pensacola, Fla.

Since the plants are so close to harvest, the best thing to do is to try and control the mites without using pesticides which contaminate the buds. Instead, raise the humidity so that the mites' metab-

olism is slowed down.

If the temperature is kept on the high side, the buds will not mold.

Another way of controlling these pests is to manually remove them from the leaves using a moist sponge. Soapy-water sprays (one tablespoon Ivory Snow per gallon of water) also help to keep the population

down. Finally, pyrethrum, a natural insecticide which breaks down quickly, is sometimes effective against mites. The insecticide is available in sprays, aerosols and powders. Try to eliminate the mites from the leaves, where they congregate, and spare the buds which don't have as many because of the deterrent effects of the resins and THC.

Dear Ed,

Today we bought an ounce of primo green sinse, the buds are all three to four inches long, and fluffy. Although we have smoked a lot of this sinse, in the last couple of months this ounce has a light ammonia odor to it.

What could cause this and how much if any effects does it have on the potency of the grass?

—Dazed & Confused

Tampa, Fla.



• Bud of the Month:

"The color, smell, density and flavor of this bud were excellent. Immediately after harvesting, this was stored in CO₂ overnight. (Allegedly this promotes the conversion of CBN to THC.) The only change I noticed was that the hairs turned very red."

From the Bangor Brewer

The ammonia taste is caused by anaerobic bacteria which were actively working on the grass. Anaerobic bacteria function without the presence of oxygen and produce ammonia as a result of their metabolic processes.

Anaerobic bacteria thrive in closed containers which contain food and moisture. They eventually turn beautiful grass into muck. Under controlled conditions they turn green, fresh-picked marijuana into the traditional brown or gold South American and African weed.

The ammonia evaporates when the marijuana is placed in the open. Once the smell is gone, the pot is safe to smoke.

Dear Ed,

Is it better to germinate seeds in soil or put them between moist tissue?

—Greg

Trenton, N.J.

The seedlings are less likely to be subjected to shock, drying and rough handling if they are planted directly in the soil.

Dear Ed,

Re: D.M. from Hamburg,
New York's problem with whiteflies.

Mountain Girl, in her book *The Primo Plant*, suggests a spray of very diluted fish emulsion (one tablespoon per gallon). The flies hate it, and it's good for the plants. It's organic and isn't harmful to humans.

—R.G.

Bethlehem, Pa.

Thanks for your tip, R.G.

Dear Ed,

I've recently had access to a bit of sack hash. This hash has a pine-resin flavor and is not especially exciting when smoked, but when eaten (.3 to .4 grams), it produces a very intense stone. Is this normal? Is there any danger in eating (or smoking) hash with the pine-resin flavor? I ask because I've heard that pine resin contains hydrocarbons and I know that some hydrocarbons have been shown to be extremely carcinogenic.

—Cautious in Conn.

There is a lot of reconstituted hash around. It is usually made using poor-quality Moroccan or Lebanese as a base and adding marijuana oil or hash oil and binder. The binders are the dangerous ingredients. They are usually



some sort of oil-soluble solvent.

Any hash that smells or tastes chemical still contains relatively large amounts of ingredients which have not evaporated. Unless you are sure that the binder is not harmful, don't use the substance.

Dear Ed,

I recently acquired a farm that has a huge pile of old fireplace brick out on the "back forty." The brick is unglazed and old enough to break up with very little effort.

My question is: Can I use small, broken bits of red brick as a growing medium for my hydroponic system? I would screen out all the brick dust and use only small pieces of the brick.

I have been told that the edges of the broken brick may be too sharp for the root system. Is this true?

—Dr. Frank
mid Kansas

The brick edges are not too sharp for the roots. However, to make sure that the bricks release no toxins which might kill the plants, try growing only a few plants in it for a month. If the plants look okay, then the brick is safe to use as a medium.



• **Plant of the Month:**

"This Mexican was photo'd July 21. A few days before it was to be harvested it was ripped off, so I never got to taste it." From J.C. in Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Ed,

In an indoor operation, what kind of yields should be expected on a square-foot basis? I've been told that ten pounds per 100 square feet is possible in ninety-day harvests by using hydroponics, 5,000 watts of metal halides and CO₂ enrichment.

Are these yields realistic? Would more light be beneficial or is the environment essentially light-saturated at this point?

—Anonymous

Address withheld

Growers usually use one halide for 50 to 60 square feet of growing space. The regimen which you are using calls for one halide to every 20 square feet, or one halide for each 4.5-foot square. Using a halide for every 50 square feet, growers harvest ¼ to ½ ounce of bud per square foot, or about 1½–3 pounds for 100 square feet. Yields would increase using stronger light, but 10 pounds or 1.6 ounces per square foot is probably too much to expect.

Dear Ed,

After five years of growing my plants outdoors I have finally seen the light, so to speak. I grow my plants indoors under an MS 1000 metal halide.

I have always used a wick irrigation system with no problems whatsoever. But yesterday I saw an advertisement for drip irrigation which stated "wick systems are now obsolete because of N toxicity build-up." Is this true or is this just more propaganda bullshit?

—P.G.

Mich.

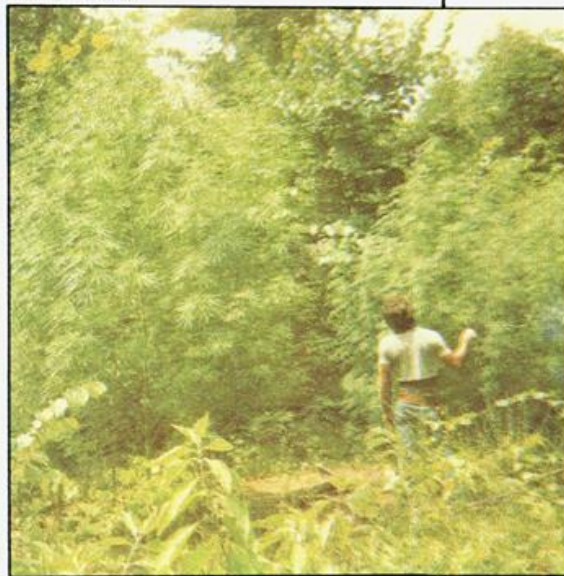
It is propaganda bullshit. However, it is a good idea to rinse the system out once every few months. Just pour clear water through the medium. Any salts which have built up dissolve into the water and are rinsed into the reservoir.

The *Florists' Review* is "The Weekly Magazine for Growers, Wholesalers and Retailers since 1897."

The magazine very often has articles of interest to growers of all kinds of plants as well as on topics of interest to plant and flower sellers. The magazine also features

ads for garden supplies not usually available on the retail level. Available from: Florists' Publishing Co., 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60604. A year's subscription costs \$25.

I welcome suggestions, tips, comments and questions regarding cultivation. Also photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month contests. All correspondents whose questions are used in the column will receive a copy of *Marijuana Growers Guide*. All letters are strictly confidential. Send to "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.



• **Garden of the Month**, from B.R. & A.N. in northeast Texas:

"A.N., who is the only person I can trust to grow with besides my wife, likes to freak out looking and smelling the really beautiful herb. I guess it's because this is the first time I've ever harvested, since last year some damn thieves ripped me off of my whole crop just before they were about to bud. It really hurt—it was like losing one of my kids."

"But this year things are different. As you can see, the beautiful lady to the left at harvest time (seven months old) measured eighteen feet, three inches from ground to top. It was the largest plant I've ever seen and yielded two and a quarter pounds and kicked our asses."

By submitting your photograph(s) you hereby grant permission to publisher to reprint the photograph(s) in HIGH TIMES magazine as well as in subsequent publications.

The Death of the Father

Fiction by Charles Bukowski

My father's funeral was a cold hamburger. I sat across from the funeral parlor in Alhambra and had a coffee. It would be a short drive to the racetrack after it was over. A man with a terrible peeling face, very round glasses with thick lenses, walked in. "Henry," he said to me, then sat down and ordered a coffee.

"Hello, Bert."

"Your father and I became very good friends. We talked about you a lot."

"I didn't like my old man," I said.

"Your father loved you, Henry."

He was hoping you'd marry Rita."

Rita was Bert's daughter.

"She's going with the nicest guy now but he doesn't excite her. She seems to go for phonies. I don't understand. But she must like him a little," he said, brightening up, "because she hides her baby in the closet when he comes by."

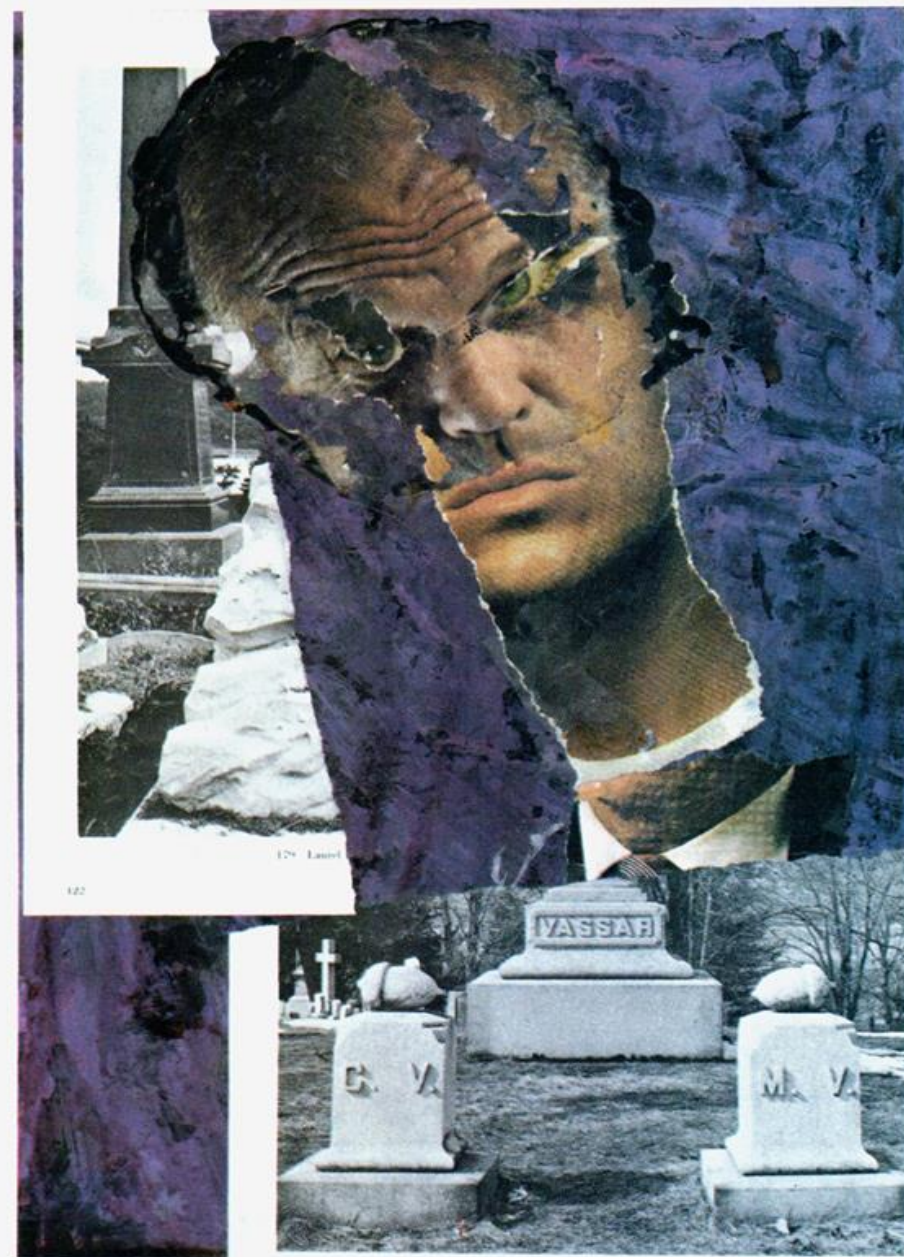
"Come on, Bert, let's go."

We walked across the street and into the funeral parlor. Somebody was saying what a good man my father had been. I felt like telling them the other part. Then somebody sang. We stood and filed past the coffin. I was last. Maybe I'll spit on him, I thought.

My mother was dead. I had buried her the year before, gone to the racetrack and got laid afterwards. The line moved. Then a woman screamed, "No, no, no! He can't be dead!" She reached down into the casket, lifted his head and kissed him. Nobody stopped her. Her lips were on his. I took my father by the neck and the woman by the neck and pulled them apart. My father fell back into the casket and the woman was led out, trembling.

"That was your father's girlfriend," said Bert.

"Not a bad looker," I said.



When I walked down the steps after the service the woman was waiting. She ran up to me.

"You look just like him! You are him!"

"No," I said, "he's dead, and I'm younger and nicer."

She put her arms around me and

kissed me. I pushed my tongue between her lips. Then I pulled away. "Here, here," I said in a loud voice, "get ahold of yourself!" She kissed me again and this time I worked my tongue deeper into her mouth. My penis was beginning to get hard. Some men and a woman came up

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger

to take her away.

"No," she said, "I want to go with him. I must talk to his son!"

"Now, Maria, please, come with us!"

"No, no, I must talk to his son!"

"Do you mind?" a man asked me.

"It's all right," I said.

Maria got into my car and we drove to my father's house. I opened the door and we walked in. "Look around," I said. "You can have any of his stuff you want. I'm going to take a bath. Funerals make me sweat."

When I came out Maria was sitting on the edge of my father's bed.

"Oh, you're wearing his robe!"

"It's mine now."

"He just *loved* that robe. I gave it to him for Christmas. He was so proud of it. He said he was going to wear it and walk around the block for all the neighbors to see."

"Did he?"

"No."

"It is a nice robe. It's mine now."

I took a pack of cigarettes from the nightstand.

"Oh, those are his cigarettes!"

"Want one?"

"No."

I lit up. "How long did you know him?"

"About a year."

"And you didn't find out?"

"Find out what?"

"That he was an ignorant man. Cruel. Patriotic. Money hungry. A liar. A coward. A cheat."

"No."

"I'm surprised. You look like an intelligent woman."

"I loved your father, Henry."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-three."

"You're well preserved. You have lovely legs."

"Thank you."

"Sexy legs."

I went into the kitchen and got a bottle of wine out of the cupboard, pulled the cork, found two wine glasses and walked back in. I poured her a drink and handed her the glass.

"Your father spoke of you often."

"Yes?"

"He said you lacked ambition."

"He was right."

"Really?"

"My only ambition is not to be anything at all; it seems the most sensible thing."

"You're strange."

"No, my father was strange. Let me pour you another drink. This is good wine."

"He said you were a drunkard."

"You see, I *have* achieved something."

"You look so much like him."

"That's just on the surface. He liked soft-boiled eggs, I like hard. He liked company, I like solitude. He liked to sleep nights, I like to sleep days. He liked dogs, I used to yank their ears and stick matches up their ass. He liked his job, I like to lay around."

I reached over and grabbed Maria. I worked her lips open, got my mouth inside of hers and began to suck the air out of her lungs. I spit down her throat and ran my finger up the crack of her ass. We broke apart.

"He kissed me gently," said Maria.

"He loved me."

"Shit," I said, "my mother was underground only a month before he was sucking your nipples and sharing your toilet paper."

"He loved me."

"Balls. His fear of being alone led him to your vagina."

"He said you were a bitter young man."

"Hell, yes. Look what I had for a father."

I pulled up her dress and began kissing her legs. I began at the knees. I got to the inner thigh and she opened up for me. I bit her,

That was the
worst thing
about death. It
was dull. Once
it happened
there wasn't
anything you
could do.

hard, and she jumped and farted. "Oh, I'm sorry." "It's all right," I said.

I fixed her another drink, lit one of my dead father's cigarettes and went into the kitchen for a second bottle of wine. We drank another hour or two. The afternoon was just turning into evening but I was weary. Death was so dull. That was the worst thing about death. It was dull. Once it happened there wasn't anything you could do. You couldn't play tennis with it or turn it into a box of bonbons. It was there like a flat tire was there. Death was stupid. I climbed into bed. I heard Maria taking off her shoes, her clothes, then I felt her in bed beside me. Her head was on my chest and I felt my fingers rubbing her behind the ears. Then my penis began to rise. I lifted her head and put my mouth on hers. I put it there gently. Then I took her hand and placed it on my cock.

I had drunk too much wine. I mounted her. I stroked and stroked. I was always on the verge but I couldn't arrive. I was giving her a long, sweaty never-ending horsefuck. The bed jerked and bounced, jiggled and moaned. Maria moaned. I kissed her and kissed her. Her mouth gasped for air. "My God," she said, "you're *really* fucking me!" I only wanted to finish but the wine had dulled the mechanism. Finally I rolled off.

"God," she said. "God."

We began kissing and it started all over again. I mounted once more. This time I felt the climax slowly arriving. "Oh," I said, "oh, Christ!" I finally made it, got up, went to the bathroom, came out smoking a cigarette and went back to the bed. She was almost asleep. "My God," she said, "you *really* fucked me!" We slept.

In the morning I got up, vomited, brushed my teeth, gargled and cracked a bottle of beer. Maria awakened and looked at me.

"Did we fuck?" she asked.

"Are you serious?"

"No, I want to know. Did we fuck?"

"No," I said, "nothing happened."

Maria went into the bathroom and showered. She sang. Then she toweled and came out. She looked at me. "I feel like a woman who's been fucked."

/ continued on next page

Bukowski

/ continued from previous page

"Nothing happened, Maria."

We got dressed and I took her to a café around the corner. She had sausage and scrambled eggs, wheat toast, coffee. I had a glass of tomato juice and a bran muffin.

"I can't get over it. You look just like him."

"Not this morning, Maria, please."

While I was watching Maria put scrambled eggs and sausage and wheat toast (spread with raspberry jam) into her mouth I realized that we had missed the burial. We had forgotten to drive to the cemetery to watch the old man dropped into the hole. I had wanted to see that. That was the only good part of the thing. We hadn't joined the funeral procession, instead we had gone to my father's house and smoked his cigarettes and drunk his wine.

Maria put a particularly large mouthful of bright yellow scrambled egg into her mouth and said, "You must have fucked me. I can feel your semen running down my leg."

"Oh, that's just sweat. It's very hot this morning."

I saw her reach down under the table and under her dress. A finger came back up. She sniffed it. "That's not sweat, that's semen."

Maria finished eating and we left. She gave me her address and I drove her there. I parked at the curbing. "Care to come in?"

"Not just now. I've got to take care of things. The Estate."

Maria leaned over and kissed me. Her eyes were large, stricken, stale. "I know you're much younger but I could love you," she said. "I'm sure I could."

When she got to her doorway she turned. We both waved. I drove to the nearest liquor store, got a half pint and the day's racing form. I looked forward to a good day at the track. I always did better after a day off. □

NEXT MONTH: "The Death of the Father II"

Excerpted from *Hot Water Music* by Charles Bukowski.
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Outlaws in Babylon

/ continued from page 37

worked great because it enabled us to avoid personality hassles. The concept of The Company served as a scapegoat."

Corporate thinking comes easily to Maxwell. He's descended from a long line of big-time ranchers in southern Colorado.

But all this is the old days. For the middle '80s Max has scaled down his expectations and gone discreet, unlike the tiger farmers south of San Francisco. "Small is beautiful," says Maxwell.

He smiles. He honks again. It's been three minutes.

"Hope they're not fucking," he says.

A figure starts out of the clump of black oaks across the gully. It is a woman. I'm surprised. Max hasn't mentioned that one of his partners on this operation is a woman. And she's dressed in blue rayon short-shorts, a clean white T-shirt with AVENUE OF THE GIANTS MARATHON across the front over a logo of a redwood tree and aqua blue Nikes. I've got on long red underwear and insulated boots myself. Maxwell's wearing the down vest over a Pendleton shirt over a T-shirt. It's fall. It's cold. This woman doesn't seem to care. She's got a big smile on her small mouth, and her enormous breasts—yes, they are—can't help but jiggle. Except for them, there isn't an ounce of fat on her body because she gets up at six every morning at the hideaway and runs seven miles along the fire road. Carol, which is our name for her here, is in training for this year's Avenue of the Giants Marathon, north two counties, in Humboldt. Growing marijuana is her business. Running marathons is her life. I'm not prepared for this. She gives Maxwell a kiss that makes me sigh and Maxwell wriggle.

"Where's Billie?" Maxwell asks.

"Trimming."

We walk down into the trees. Even though it's only three o'clock, the hideaway cabin is in shade. Maxwell's land is part of a long-abandoned pig farm. The hideaway is an old clapboard cottage, the white paint almost all gone across the lapstraked cedar, a shake-shingled roof covered with green moss. The old pig farmer and the pig farmer's wife are long gone, too. Now the cottage is a drying shed, hardly airtight, without insulation. There's a new prefab window cut into the wall above a prefab sink with no source of running water. The old well has fallen in. The crew hauls dishwater in a five-gallon plastic jug. Dirty dishes with unfinished

spaghetti are junked in the sink. In back is a sleeping loft rigged of used plywood.

As soon as we get close a dog rushes out. This dog is enormous, a tan-and-black German shepherd, perhaps 140 pounds. The dog seems all mouth. The mouth is happy to see Max. The dog whines and strains to touch him. The dog's tongue must be a foot long and its teeth are moray teeth. This is Ginger. Ginger is all sloppy kisses to Max. I start to pet her and she suddenly rolls back her lips and lunges for me.

"Only me, Carol or Billie can touch Ginger," says Max. He's kissing her on the top of her hairy head. "After her mouth, there's no more room in her head for a brain. She knows her job, though."

Good Ginger. . . nice Ginger.

Ginger is kept on a wire cable, which is strung 10 feet high among three trees. Ginger can guard three sides of the hideaway and then some on her leash.

On the left side of the cabin is a yellow nylon rope stretched taut between two black oaks. Thirty marijuana plants hang upside down from the rope, splayed out like Christmas trees, green as emeralds and as fluffy as fresh-washed sheep. It's a sight that brings the Tuna Smile right out of old Maxwell. Oh, yes.

Billie stepped under the clothesline.

Billie is about five feet ten, young, very good-looking, with a slight overbite that raises his lip across his upper teeth. His hair is short, curly and blond. He's wearing a black snap-button cowboy shirt and tight blue jeans. A cigarette dangles unlit out of the corner of his mouth. He reminds me of a young cowboy, assistant foreman on a ranch outside of Durango, maybe, close to the San Juans. That's not too far from what he is.

First thing Mr. Max does is whip out the *Chronicle* and stab the headline with his finger.

Billie reads the drug-war article in his cool, ranch-hand manner. At times his lips move as he reads. He takes the unlit cigarette out of his mouth and smiles across the expanse of white teeth. "Well, guess that'll raise the price some."

This reaction is not strong enough for Maxwell.

"That's not all it'll do, Billie. They want to picture you and me as Charlie Mansons. They want everybody to think we're friends. Isn't that something? Isn't that something?"

Carol reads the article, too.

"Jeez," she says. She raises her eyebrows a little. Several years ago there was a fly-over above the hideaway. A fly-over, in which a Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement plane dips low to do a final check on the search warrants, is almost a sure sign of a bust. Carol refused to leave. No hassle, she said. There was a marathon coming up and she wanted to stay and train. She was also trying to grow broccoli in the garden for the first time. Maxwell picked her up and carried her to the truck. That's what Maxwell says.

Billie and Carol are not reacting to the article.

"Sooner or later," Max runs on, "they'll be coming down the canyon with copters and M-16s—only we'll be the Vietcong."

Billie is 22 years old. Carol has never served in the new women's army. Such nostalgia is lost on them.

Max snaps back to the task at hand. He introduces me. Then, after a couple questions about how the crop is doing, he puts a smile behind his black eyes and asks something else of Billie.

"Plums still dropping?"

"Yeah," says Billie.

Billie's got a machete hooked to his belt, with no scabbard.

"Gonna cut that plum tree down if it's okay with you, Max."

"Cut it down, Billie. I mean, cut down the top. It's not a bad tree."

A plum tree stands beside the cabin. Maxwell planted it years ago. This was a nice idea but it had disturbing results. The plum tree bears plums the same time the marijuana is ready to harvest. At night ripe plums fall off the tree and some of them hit the roof of the cabin. Billie sleeps on a framed waterbed in the loft. Every time a plum smacks the roof, Billie reaches for his machete. It takes him a couple of seconds to realize nobody's outside prowling. It's only the plum tree.

Max understands the problem, but he doesn't see any point in rectifying it. He likes the plum tree and he figures when Billie goes over the edge from harvest paranoia he'll crawl out of the cabin naked and chop down the tree. Maxwell wonders whether Billie will be considerate and only lop off the offending branches or whether he'll flip out and destroy the entire tree.

"Got the first thirty in," says Billie soon enough.

"Good," says Max.

Thirty plants out of the ground drying in early October is a good lot. Good enough but not as good as Billie, Carol

and Maxwell thought they'd have six months ago. Six months ago they had a fourth partner. The fourth partner functioned as maintenance man. He camped out in the cabin during the winter. He was supposed to have the grounds in shipshape come spring planting when Maxwell was to bring down the starts from Salmon Creek Road in Humboldt. When Max arrived with the starts, little four-inch seedlings, he discovered a pile of beer cans, breakfast-food boxes and miscellaneous trash in front of the cabin. Maxwell started shouting. What was this filth? The maintenance man shouted back. Max told him to get fucked. He did not temper himself. The partner backed off. Max could see the man had probably been up a night or two doing cocaine. He decided to leave and come back the next day. But the partner thought Maxwell was going to the truck to get the Colt. He ran for the trees. Now Maxwell got paranoid. He couldn't remember whether the partner had a rifle stashed up the canyon. Next day Maxwell made a deal. The maintenance man could have a quarter of the starts and 10 percent of the harvest if he left then and there. That was a good deal. The fourth partner split. Maxwell understood he would have to give the man an investment in the harvest, even though the partner would do none of the work, so that he would not be tempted to poach or, worse, rat on them all. Carol and Billie were not happy with the deal but the deal had been made. The reality was that Maxwell called the shots. He bankrolled the operation. And that Maxwell had his tempers.

There is a plank deck in front of the old house. On the deck are two braided-plastic lawn chairs. Beside the chairs are plastic buckets. Billie doesn't talk a whole lot. He lifts a plant off the drying line, walks over to the porch, sits down and starts to trim. This plant is mature but it's not large, four feet at the most. Billie's trimming wet, which means the plants are still damp and green like limp celery. First he cuts off the crown collus, the topmost part of the plant. The crown collus is almost all bud, and it is as long as his forearm. Then he cuts off the branches and hangs them all on a piece of string tacked to the wall. He takes a branch and snips off the big leaves, using a pair of dime-store scissors. The leaves fall into the bucket. He clips the smaller leaves around the buds. The little leaves are called *especiale*, but they get tossed out, too.



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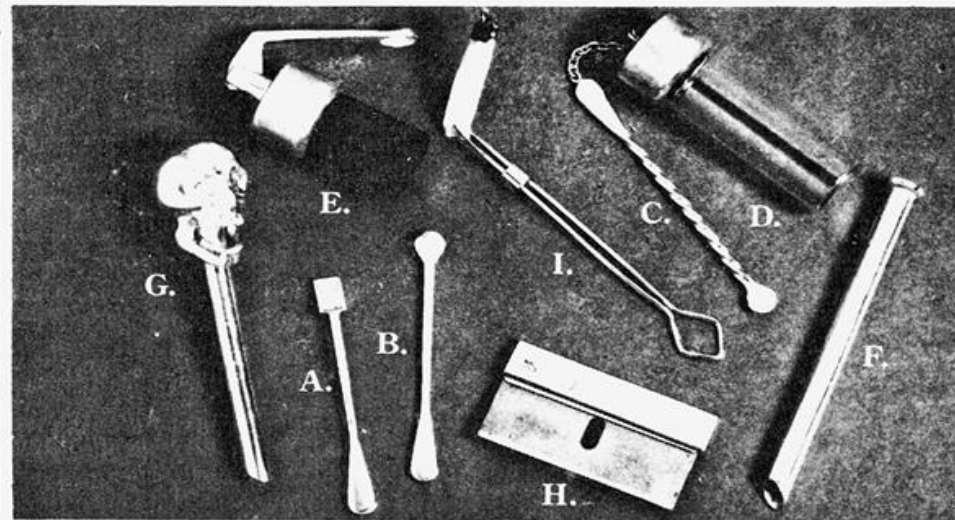
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Outlaws

/ continued from previous page

The manicured buds look like furry cobs of green corn. When he has a sheaf of them, he takes them inside and hangs them on a fishline for further curing.

Maxwell lifts a branch off the outside line and sits down at the second chair where Carol must have been and starts to trim, too. Carol goes inside and comes out with a 2.5-gallon soybean can, the kind you can get in San Francisco's Chinatown on garbage night, plunks it down and gets back to the trimming.

I'm not much of a trimmer with my bum hand.

"Well, shit," says Maxwell after a few minutes of this. We're all the same, I can trim dope just like anybody else shuck and jive (and he is a pretty mean trimmer). "You want to do a number, Billie?"

"Sure."

Max pulls a joint out of his shirt pocket and fires it up with a Zippo. There is a certain amount of interest in this cigarette because it comes from another of Maxwell's operations, a place where neither Carol nor Billie have been but a place that has seeded several of the plants here.

"Yeah," says Billie after a drag.

"Like it," says Carol. She shrugs her shoulders.

"It's really not bad, is it?" says Maxwell. He's pleased.

He hands the joint to me.

Yes, I must agree. The smoke is very, very smooth, a million miles away from the Mexican and Colombian marijuana popular in this country 15 years ago. This is state-of-the-art vegetable smoke. You feel nothing, yet everything changes. What we have here is a reality shift. The light on the October oaks is a shade more golden. The clear air is a trifle fuller. You've poured a feathered rainbow down your throat and your socks are now a little looser. Two tokes, suggests Maxwell, and you can see the strands of your own DNA. Why not? □

Excerpted from Outlaws in Babylon: Shocking True Adventures on the Marijuana Frontier, by Steve Chapple. Pocket Books, New York, N.Y. © 1984 by Steve Chapple.

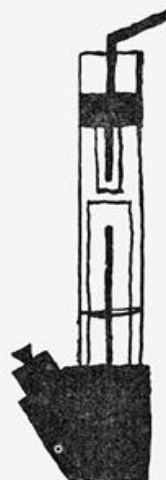
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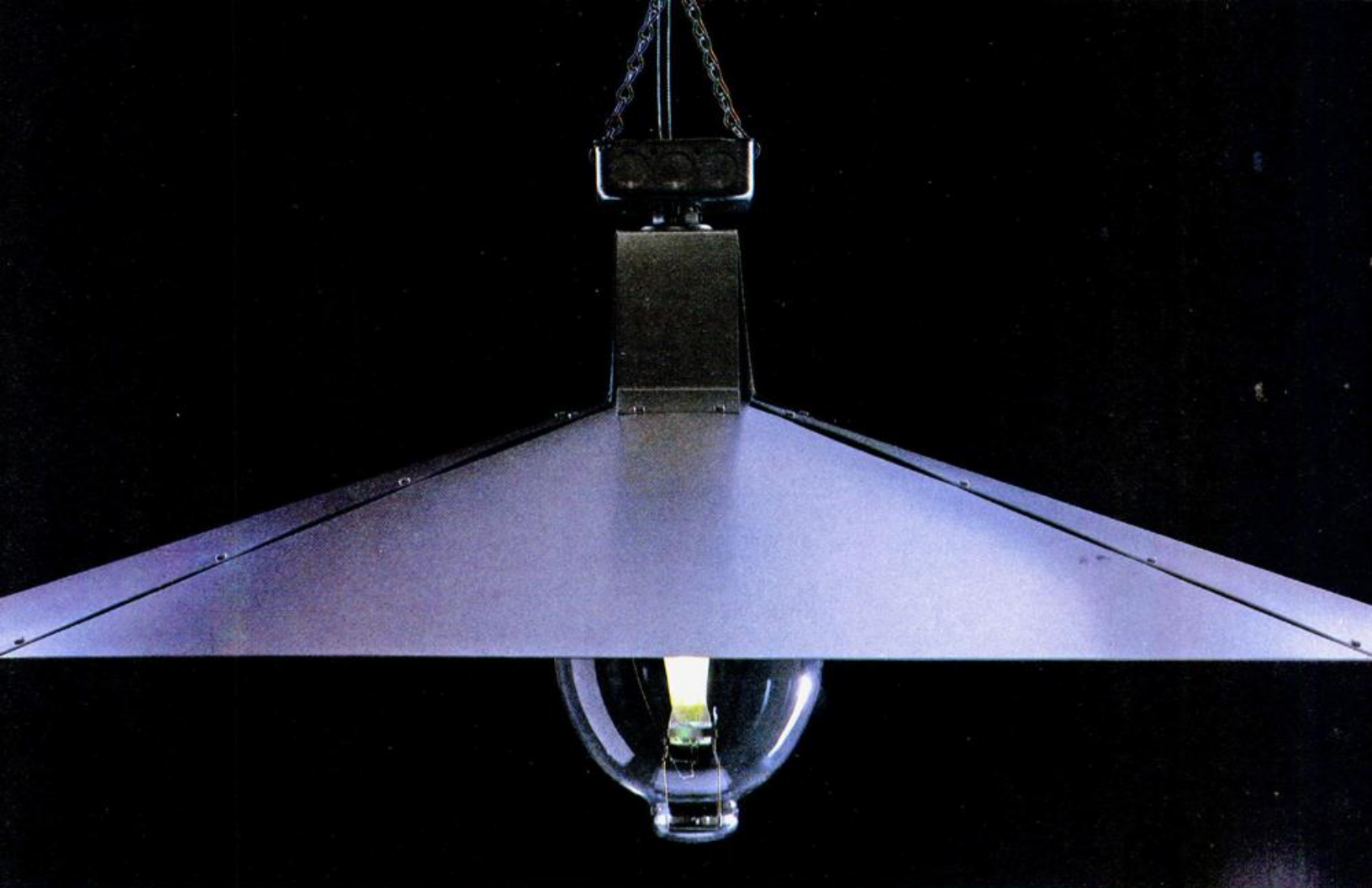
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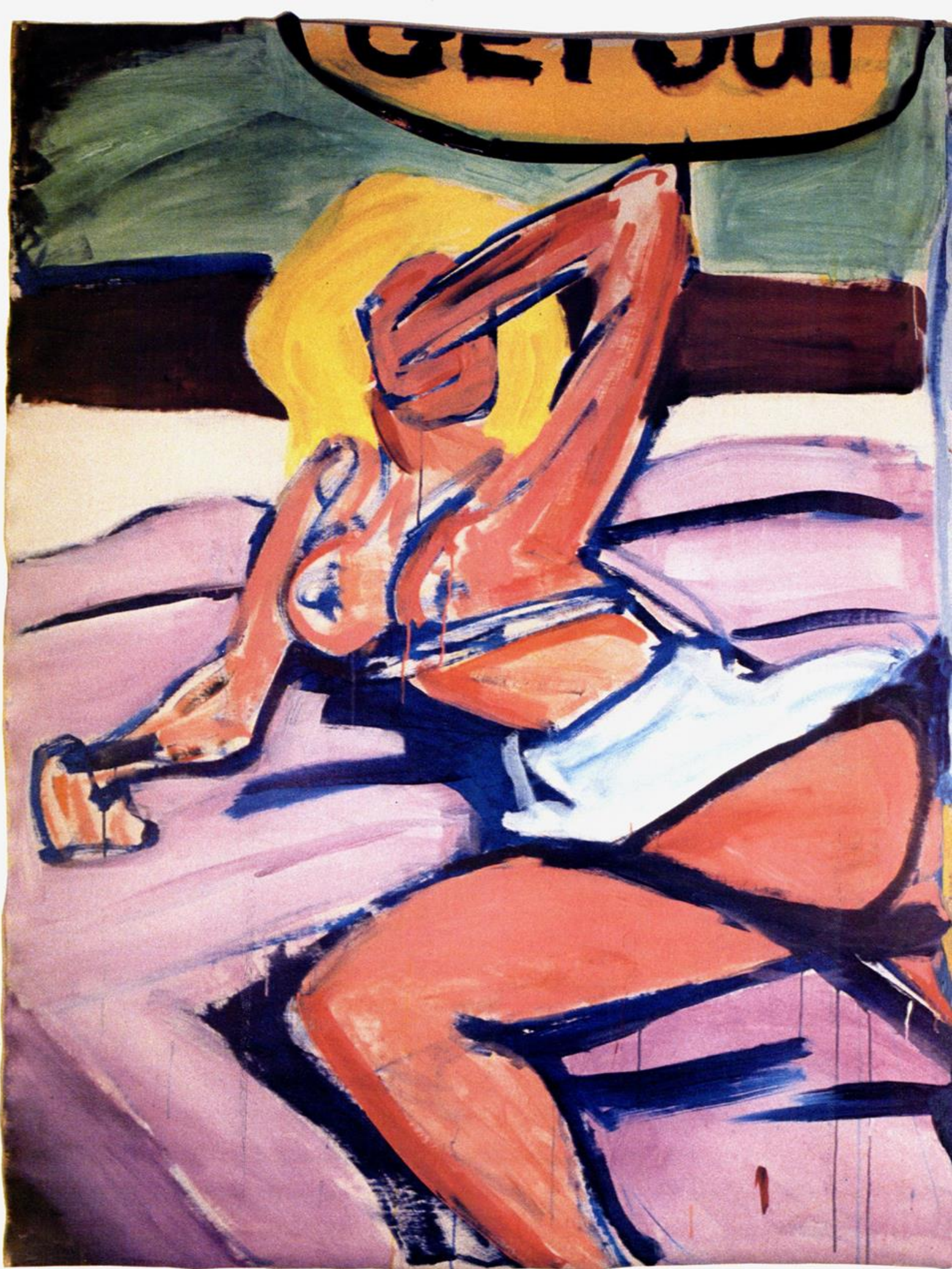
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Stephen Lack

Steve Lack is one of the hottest artists to emerge out of the burgeoning New York City art scene. Unlike his younger colleagues (Lack is 38), he has strong fine art and film credentials including an MFA from the Instituto de Allende in Mexico and course work at Columbia University in New York and Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles. Although well-schooled, his work exhibits the passion and street sensibilities of the bohemian Lower East Side where he has lived with his family for the past three years. Lack has exhibited all over the world and over the past two years alone he has appeared in over 35 group shows. We asked Lack to comment on his aesthetic and the works that appear on the next few pages:

GET OUT (*left*)

"The painting titled 'Get Out' is the immediate document of an argument. The word comes from both sides and is not directed but contained by the couple. When it was shown to students in Florida, the reaction from some was that it was sexist. The work is extreme and suggestive of sex, probably postcoital, but it is in no way sexist."

FISH FEAR (*below*)

"Like most artists in America, I started by drawing Mickey Mouse. No longer convinced by the ideal of a rodent-free world where the only vermin are smiling over their glossy yellow buttons and wearing white gloves, possibly for surgery, I paint the fish showing fear. It is the compulsive and unendorsed image of the anticipation of the Antichrist. This fall I will take my children to see *Disney on Ice™*, the first veil."

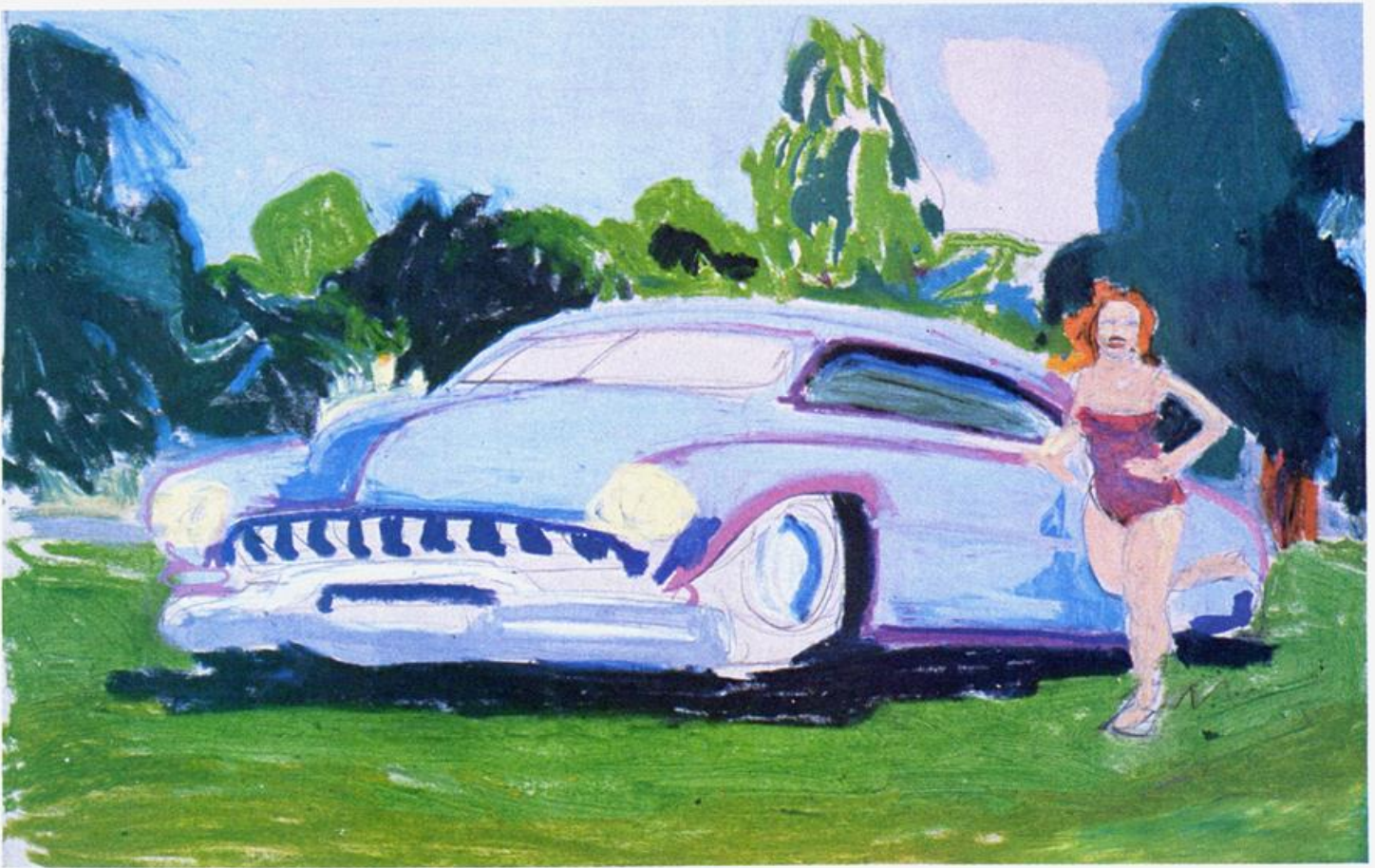
CAR CUSTOM BEAUTY (*next page, above*)

"In the past, artists worked to capture and preserve the beauty around them. Today, thanks to accumulated documentation, we know all things must pass, and as a result even the pretty things have a sense of future loss, of being taken away."

CAR CRASH (*next page, below*)

"I expect a storm, a deluge, a challenge to everything we have grown to expect. The three-day oil crisis of '73 was nothing compared to what I see coming. The rich will be wiping their asses with Guccis when the toilet paper runs out. The marketplace encourages piggies for Moloch. Millions of four- and six-seater cars sold for one or two people to





ride miles to work they could care less about while they poison themselves and their neighbors in the divine name of the freedom of the individual. Decades of abortions liberating women to atrophy and watch independently purchased TVs by themselves. Who's going to clean up after the party? Not your children, they're already dead."

COUPLE EMBRACE AFTER LOSING EVERYTHING
(*opposite, above*)

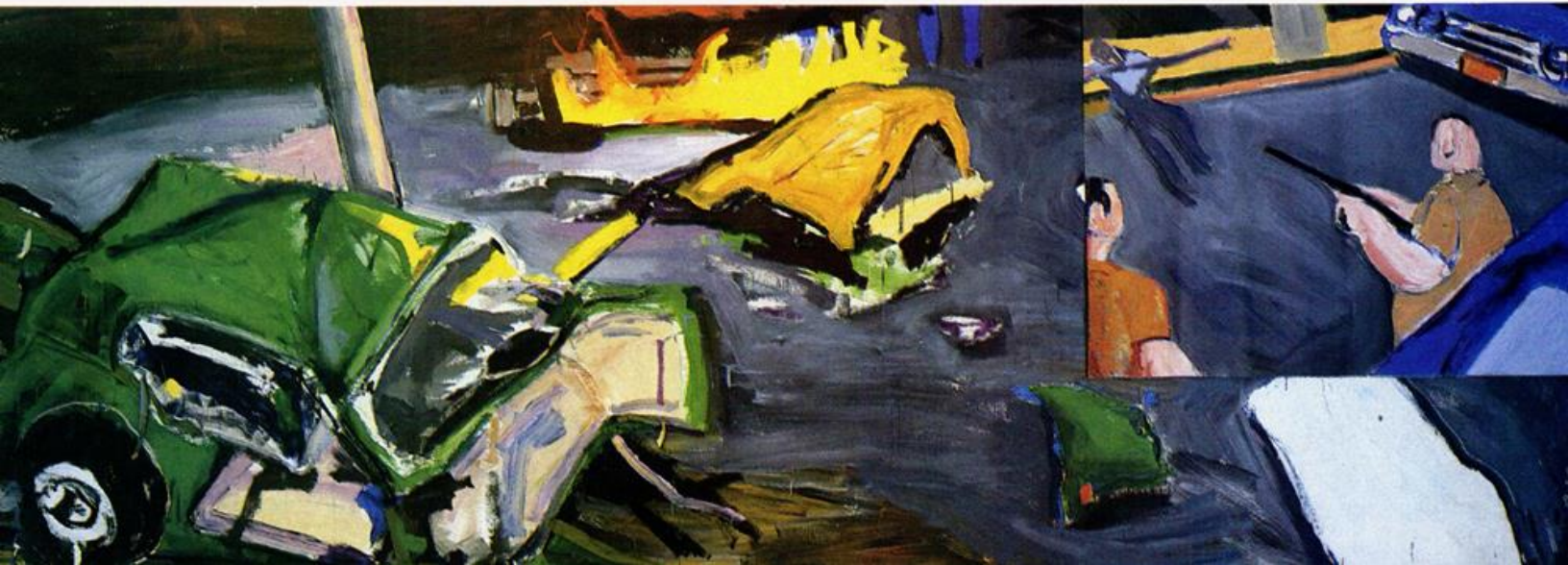
"This painting is about all of us and its beauty comes from the fact that although there is a complete loss, there is a couple—someone to share the nothing with. Otherwise, how could you be sure you ever even had it, let alone lost it? It is either a dark day or a very bright night."

GET IN THE CAR (*opposite, below*)

"I live near the hookers, and when they aren't asked into the cars, they are forced in by men that are less than Johns. Not an easy life, unless you love cars. But then again, maybe this is just a bright sunny day and the nice man is helping your mother after a hard day shopping."

"The world I paint is the one around us that is unmentioned by either party in the preelection rhetoric. The colors are intense because the competition is radioactive."

"There are many worlds going on at once and the dying I see around me means that somewhere there is going on a rebirth. Everything contains within itself its own opposite extreme on the continuum of its defined reality, and my suggestions of despair are really gestures of hope and perfection in the face of flaws and injustice."

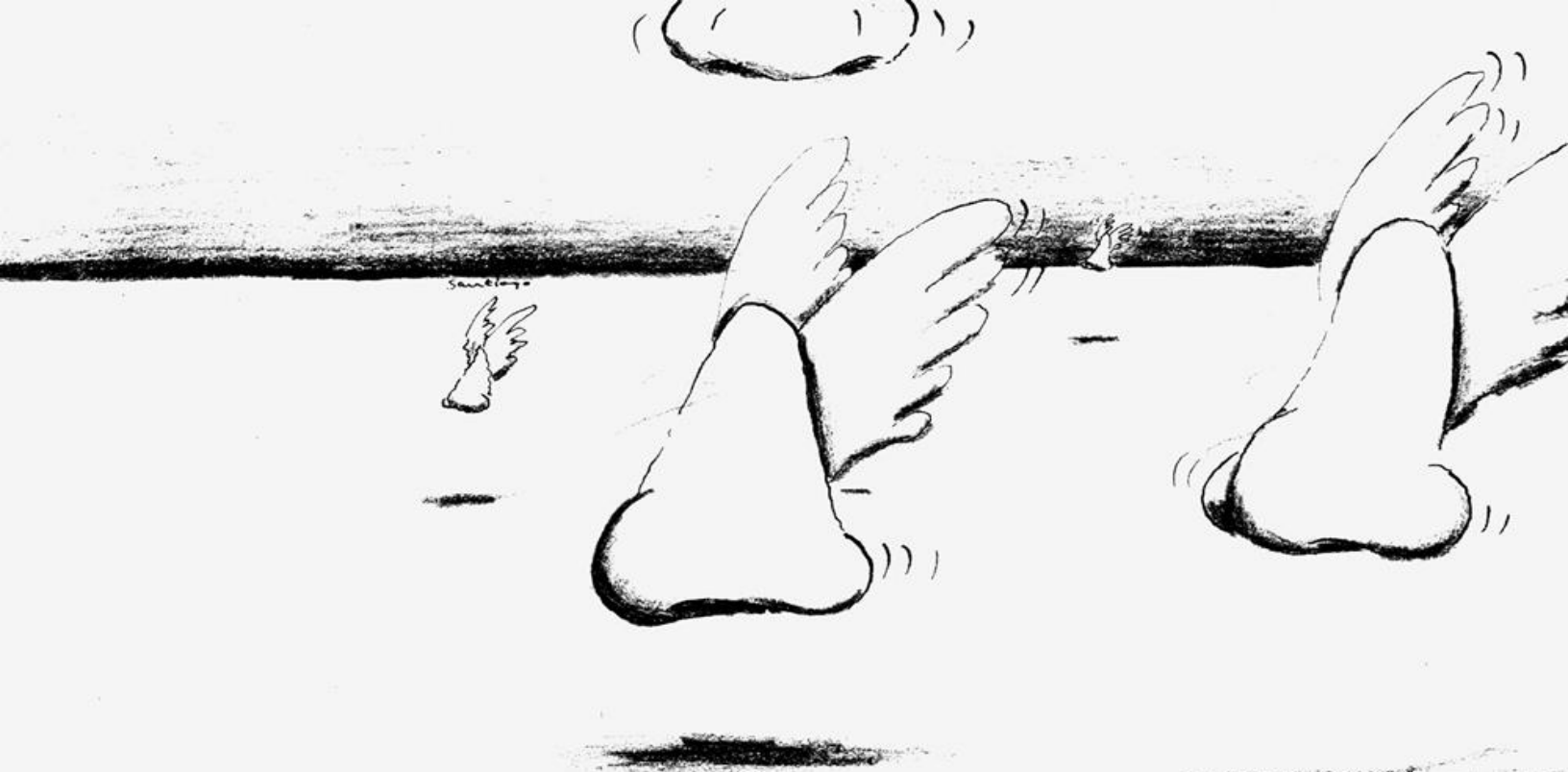




All paintings © Stephen Lack

All photos © Phillip Pocock





IS IT SKUNKWEED? IS IT BUBBLEGUM

by Dean Latimer

"Splendid!" she exclaimed, and held her tip-tilted nose over the inward bend of her blue-veined ivory wrist a long moment, while the alcohol evaporated. "It smells..." she began tentatively, and then swiftly defined the concrete image as it painted itself against the top of her nostrils. "It smells like the flowers on a perfectly preserved Renaissance tapestry in a museum: complex and colorful odors twining together, brightly and faintly alive, rustling and majestic, beautiful and old and precious. I love it, I wonder who made it... It's wonderfully aged, elegant, distinctly *Italian* floral aroma. House of Denard, am I right? The one thing it doesn't smell like to me is any sort of marijuana I remember, but then, we only smelled it when we burned it. This isn't a smoky aroma at all. Floral and musical, yes, but not smoky. But you young people smoke different sorts of marijuana now, don't you? What's it called—*million* or something?"

"Sinsemilla," I said, trying to elevate my barrio pronunciation into something approaching Castillian. "Spanish for 'seedless.'"

"Sinsemilla," she fluttered, correctly and plummily. "Well, does that smell anything like this?" She offered me her scented wrist! Even in a suit coat and tie, I never expected *that*. It smelled

quite right on her, too—alluring even, but properly and decently so—and if it smelled appropriate for this lady, then this had to be one top-of-the-line perfume.

"It's wonderful," I said. But I had to be absolutely honest. "But it doesn't smell like any sort of marijuana I ever smelled, either, seedless or not." Then the girl who introduced us, being perceptibly a little jealous—jealous of *me*, that is, for hitting it off so chummily with her venerated voice coach—interposed herself between us, and took her off to the little pork fountain to meet someone else.

Now, that frightening old lady smoked pot with Max Bodenheimer and Little Joe Gould in Greenwich Village in the '40s, and she has smelled a thing or three besides that in her day, and she's been written up by name by lots more cultivated authors than yours truly. If she thought this was a passably elegant fragrance, then by golly it *is*! Which makes me feel pretty classy myself, because I thought it had to be pretty special the very first time I smelled it, even though fancy perfumes and the women who wear them have never much perfused my personal spheres of experience or curiosity.

Don Herrington, inventor of *Parfum Sinsemilla pour la fleur femelle* (as it is called) was a fed for 20 years, until the

late 1970s. Specifically, lest your back go up at the implications, he was an investigator for the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, snooping into discriminatory labor practices initially in Louisiana, where he was brought up as one of those remarkable Bible-thumping Baptists who despise redneck racists even worse than the racists despise niggers and "Jeews." Now, such natural-born abolitionists in the Deep South, being rebels *among* the rebels as 'twere, do not tend to be greatly sought after by the local life-insurance agents, for obvious reasons; and after a suitable lively professional career involving plenty of life-on-the-line episodes, the feds saw fit to move Don Herrington out to the West Coast, to San Francisco, where the action in this line is considerably more sedate. And while of course he got on like a barn afire with the Bay Area folks, and quickly became one of the more popular figures on the regional social and political scene, by 1979 Don Herrington was palpably itching for an opportunity to make a tolerable amount of trouble again.

"Now, I have grown a plant or two in my time," Don Herrington will allow, but then, who in the Bay Area does not bring up a window-box stand once or twice in their lives, just to fool around with it? This was not making trouble.

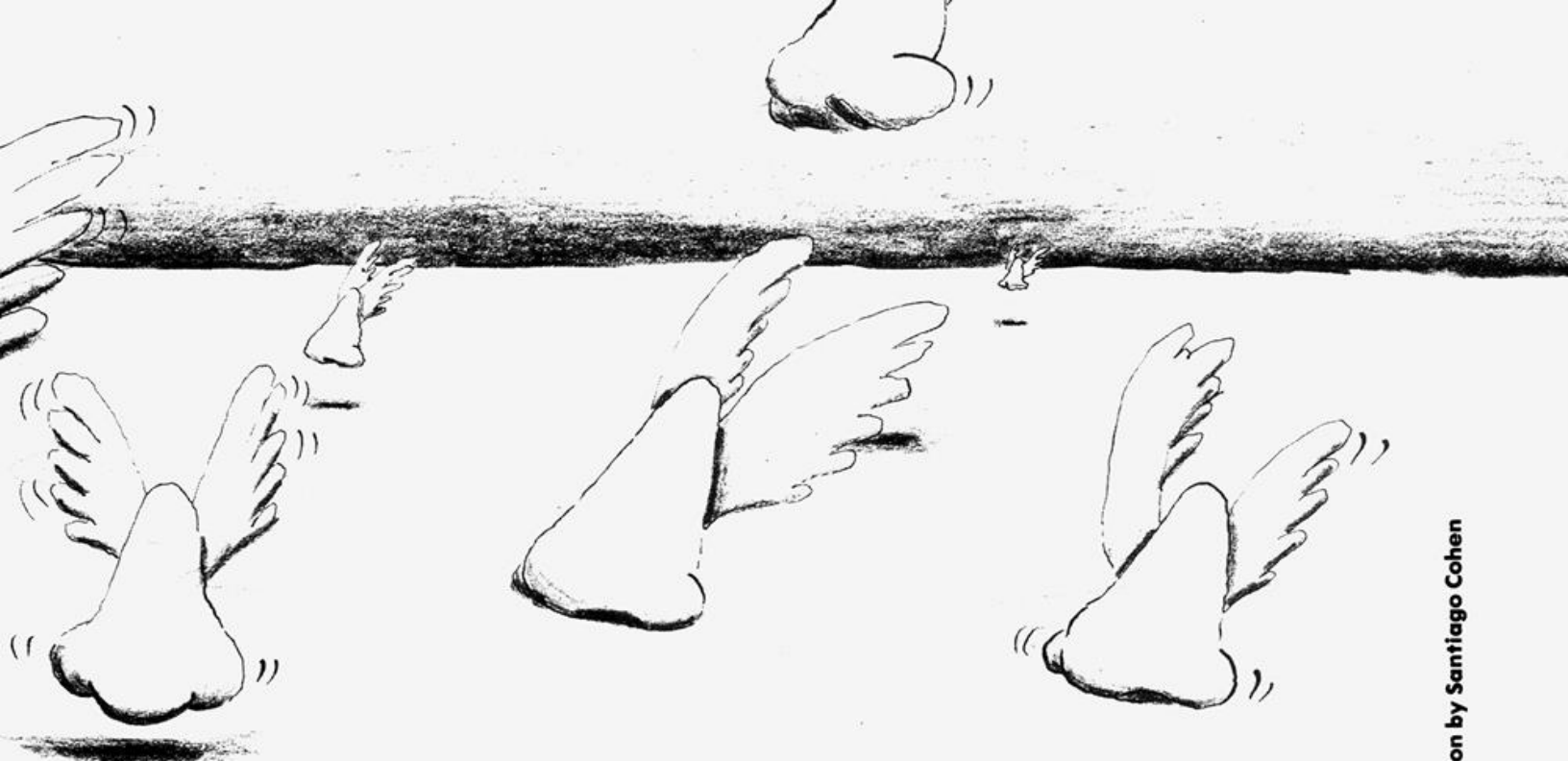


Illustration by Santiago Cohen

UM? NO, IT'S HER Sinsemilla®

Then in the late '70s he was introduced to seedless sinsemilla, and its supremely new and interesting odor: not by a North California grower, ironically, but by an old chum from Baton Rouge who had brought around some fascinatin' foliage that was coming up out of the bayous that season. (And we've been telling y'all the California growers got the idea from the Hawaiians!) This bayou homegrown consisted of tight little green-and-yellow buds with bright red streaks winding through them, and the *smell* of it, issuing forth forcefully when the Ziploc bag was opened, was the smell of cinnamon-skunk in gunpowder. "Hwowl!" snorted a friend of Herrington's, in love at first sniff. "This stuff smells dynamite. Someone could make a perfume out of it"

As it happened, Don Herrington knew a few professional perfumers: most notably, the venerable Raphael Marotti of New York City's historic House of Denard. Marotti at the time, in his early 70s, was enjoying the beginning of a much-deserved retirement after a lifetime of acclaim, which means, basically, that he was at liberty to do any blessed thing he wanted to with his time. And when one day his old chum Don Herrington showed up at his company's Mount Vernon premises with a bag full of extraordinary California ag-

ricultural produce, Marotti remarked only on how infinitely, exquisitely *green* it looked and smelt. The perfumer's long suit, over his long career, had been working with aromatic oils from green plants, aromas that not only connoted the color *green* by some mysterious synesthesia when inhaled by humans, but *said* things with that color-odor. Don Herrington had regretfully to advise the master that he couldn't, for various obscure reasons, use any part of this plant matter itself to distill an aroma speaking to its greenness; but after a decent interval, working with strictly legitimate oils and scent-flavors, Marotti brought forth an essence which Don Herrington bottled and labeled "Sinsemilla Marijuana Perfume."

He got it back to California in October that year, just in time for the 1979 Marijuana Reform Festival in Brooks Hall, just below the headquarters of the San Francisco Police Department headquarters. Considering that everyone on hand was assiduously inhaling the first fruits of the first-ever big sinsemilla season on the Coast, Herrington recalls, "I didn't know if I had a product to sell or not, right at first." However, by the end of the evening, his entire 800-bottle consignment had sold out. "People followed me home," he still gloats. "I couldn't get rid of them."

"Sinsemilla Marijuana Perfume" had a good ways to go still, however. Already even then, a foresighted couple in Grant's Pass, Oregon, was hopefully peddling their own home-brewed skunk-odor, labeled "Sinsemilla." Herrington watched with some little anxiety while these Grant's Pass folks laid public claim to the word "sinsemilla" as a brand name for a commercial odor, and proceeded to apply for an exclusive trademark on it from the federal patent office. He was brightened only slightly by the patent office's denial of the application; in denying it, the feds explained that these folks not only needed a *product* before they could claim an exclusive name for it, but that product had also to be actively *in commerce*. Don Herrington had sold out his whole stock of Marotti essence in October 1979, on one occasion in one city in one state; this was not exactly "in commerce," by federal definition. He would obviously have to sell a hell of a lot more perfume, in a hell of a lot more places, before he could protect his unique stink from brand-label piracy by anyone with a home-distillation setup.

It took a year and a half before Herrington considered himself adequately prepared to make a grab at the "Sinsemilla" trademark, which by now was

/ continued on next page

the quarry of several other ambitious investors around the land. In December of 1981 he finally launched a full-out promotion binge for "Sinsemilla Marijuana," which nearly flopped on its face, clownlike, for sheer over-exuberance.

First, he was careful to stock his smell in a couple dozen San Francisco boutiques which merchandised only *nice* things like perfumes, jewelry, clothes and so on: no headshops selling hash pipes or flake plates or coke cuts. In fact, he had to seek out boutique proprietors who had never *heard* of sinsemilla, a tall order in San Francisco. The fact was, however, that a personal friend of Herrington's, who owned a shop called The Perfect Scent, proclaimed his reluctance to handle any marijuana-related item, friendship or no friendship: "If I do that," he told Don, "people will think my place is full of headgear." Even in the Little City by the Bay, by the 1980s marijuana, and things pertaining to it, had become a definite cultural no-no.

The trick, though, was the national news release Herrington put out in the middle of that December. "Sinsemilla Perfume," it sang, is "a truly mood-enhancing perfume" consisting of "the natural herbal fragrance of soft white [sic] virgin blossoms of female marijuana, carefully shielded from pollination to enhance their ethereal sweetness." It was "the product of years of breeding by one-time 'flower children' who left the streets of San Francisco for the secluded hills of Marin County and beyond. Using exotic marijuana seeds brought from Southeast Asia, they created a highly prized virgin female flower of rare delicacy and sweetness."

Within one week of unleashing this breathless boilerplate upon the wire services and radio and telly stations of America, Don Herrington had 400 invitations to appear on news shows, coast to coast, to flog his perfume. Who can suggest what was in this poetry to provoke such a grandiose response? The image of protecting females from brutish sexual contact with males is obviously a splendid grabber, and of course the outlaw connotations of marijuana farming will add considerable flavor to any sales pitch; but how do these two utterly diverse concepts weave together, and potentiate each other, to become so overwhelmingly appealing to any American culture-pundit's sensibilities? It is a mystery as profound as any perfume.

Howbeitsoever, it got Don Herrington all over the media for a couple weeks,

where Don always shines: this gangly long-legged country boy in impeccable three-piece threads, with a beautiful long shock of silver hair and his unspeakably comfortable Louisiana drawl. "Now, I have grown a plant or two in my day. . . ." Of course, it was mainly women media pundits who invited him to flog his aroma on the air, and who wrote him up in pop magazines and local papers coast to coast. And since few of these enthusiastic persons were terrifically close readers of puff-promotion copy, and hardly a single one of them knew about the laws governing controlled drug-type substances, they succeeded in making Don Herrington a bit more trouble than he'd counted on.

For instance, the lady who wrote him up for one of the big Bay Area dailies was and is a veteran news scribe, with impeccable credentials. Nevertheless, after she'd read this intoxicating puff copy and rapped awhile with this intoxicating perfume promoter, she sat down and wrote this: "Finally, a new perfume that will be marketed early next year will be made from, believe it or not, the blossoms of female marijuana that has not been pollinated!"

Now for sure, this notion of a perfume consisting of the concentrated sexually frustrated entities of feminine vegetation obviously *does* strike some unmentionably Gothic chord in the sensibilities of the average American woman. However, it also suggests that the merchandiser of this perfume is involving himself directly in the processing and traffic of a Schedule One narcotic, and this idea was of considerable interest to one David Reihner, the patent office's trademark examiner who was just then going over Don Herrington's application for exclusive rights to the brand name, "Sinsemilla Marijuana Perfume."

Did Mr. Herrington here mean to tell the U.S. Patent Office that his perfume consisted of any part of the cannabis plant, after all? No? It does *not*, then, consist of any part of the cannabis plant? Then okay, it's legal; but the word "marijuana" is *right* out. You can't say it's marijuana if there's no marijuana in it, Don. Don Herrington promptly took the word "marijuana" out of his federal trademark application.

And then Reihner went after "sinsemilla." What exactly does that *mean*, "sinsemilla"? Is it the Spanish word for "without seeds"? Okay then, why is it in no Spanish dictionary? It certainly is not in any English dictionary; this "sinsemilla" word, not even in any slang dictionaries. Is this some word that has grown up out of the "worldwide under-

ground of the illicit-drug universe," then? Where does one *look* for an established meaning for this word? Don Herrington suggested that the federal government's trademark examiners might consult *HIGH TIMES*, and they did, and they managed to use it to his inconvenience, too.

In *The High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs*, and in evidently no other place in the world's reference literature, the term "sinsemilla" is solidly identified as "marijuana with no seeds." Would Mr. Herrington agree with that definition? He sure would? Well, *then* he has to be telling us now (here is some wonderful Jesuitical logic) that his stuff does *after all* contain marijuana! Even though he denied it earlier, Mr. Herrington now *admits* it! Wait till the police hear about this!

What? What? Now he's saying it doesn't contain marijuana after all, even though he calls it "sinsemilla," which is defined in this definitive reference text to recreational drugs as "marijuana"? Then Mr. Herrington can't use the word "sinsemilla" either.

This Jesuitical debate between Don Herrington and the feds ate up the better part of two years, during which the man had to work like a Chinaman. By now, absolute *scads* of fly-by-night entrepreneurs were plotting to take this wonderful musical word, "sinsemilla," and clap it as a brand name on all manner of useless and more or less noxious items, and put them into fly-by-night commerce everywhere around the country. By the time Don Herrington might be awarded exclusive rights to this brand name, it might be so solidly identified in the popular imagination with useless and noxious items of fly-by-night commerce that all his investment money and effort would be for naught. It was useless to remind the examiners of the United States Patent Office that not 10 years before they had given Yves St. Laurent exclusive brand-name rights to the word "opium," even though there has never been a nanogram of real opium in Opium Perfume. Opium is opium, the feds told Don Herrington, and not marijuana; Yves St. Laurent is Yves St. Laurent, and not Don Herrington, they reminded him. And that was that, for two more years.

So first Don Herrington applied to the patent office of the state of California for exclusive rights to "Sinsemilla" as a brand-name. He had sold some of it there under that name, and had receipts proving it, and he had papers showing that its constituent elements were lawful and unique and standard, and he had samples for testing by the

authorities, and he had a label for it which complied with all the California Pure Food and Drug Act's stipulations for commercial labels. He paid the stipulated trademark fee, and within 30 days he had exclusive rights in California to the use of the word "Sinsemilla" as a brand name. The state of California was a damn sight more responsible and professional, Don Herrington discovered, than the United States federal government.

There were 49 other states, from Hawaii to Rhode Island and north to Alaska, and by the spring of 1984 Don Herrington had set up shop in every one of them. It turned out to be a good deal of fun, really, and extremely educational. Everywhere he went, it seemed, he found people ready to challenge him for the exclusive use of this wonderful word. A lady in Florida, for example, had a suntan lotion which she somehow conceived would sell just fine under the name of "Sinsemilla," and Herrington had to flirt with the notion of going into partnership with her before the state authorities awarded him his exclusive patent. "One important thing that turned up," he advises, "was that the state regulations are a whole lot tighter than the federal regulations, meaning you get a lot more protection from counterfeiting and piracy. If I'd known that to start with, I'd have taken the trouble to go state-by-state before applying for a federal trademark anyhow."

Needless to remark, this extended state-by-state medicine show also provided occasion for plenty of premarket testing and product development. House of Denard scent designers John Carmel and Pippo Schillaci reviewed an interesting assortment of samples from Herrington in the course of working up a men's cologne to supplement this *parfum de la fleur femelle*. "Of course we've got a pretty generous selection of potential fragrances," Herrington rejoices, "considering that different strains of sinsemilla can smell like anything from bubblegum to skunk." The eventual cologne aroma, which in fact does smell (fresh from the bottle, before mixing with one's personal body odors) a trace like bubblegum, is called "Stash."

Which suggests a necessary digression. Now, I have smelled a good deal of different sorts of marijuana in my life, as what fool has not? And sinsemilla, as any fool can testify, conveys a unique, and uniquely powerful, aroma.

"Smells like a turpentine skunk," a Smokey Mountain distributor once respectfully remarked of some Hawaiian Purple Kush, in my earshot, and so for

years now folks from coast to coast have been affectionately calling top-quality sinsemilla by the equivocal designation "skunk indica." Persons who've never smelled it personally must be convinced that marijuana-induced brain damage obviously concentrates in the olfactory lobes, when they hear that we'll bid up to \$50 for an *eighth* of an ounce of something called "skunk indica." But it's not, of course, the active presence of living skunk in that odor, but the *memory* of the *idea* of "skunk," sort of: "Smells like a little stand of pine saplings that got rained on a half-hour after a big old skunk sauntered through with his tail up," that Smokey Mountain weed baron used to twang. Just enough skunk to put you at fair warning that there's something *special* in the vicinity.

Now, that faint and subversive "alert" odor of skunk is absent from this *Sinsemilla parfum pour la fleur femelle*, unless it's only that my personal uncultivated nostrils can't tease it out. The pine forest is far back in there on the scent-horizon, sharp and green in the distance, and a veil of rainwater in the foreground, but no skunk. Maybe Marotti left the skunk out because the critters are black and white strictly, and not green, and *green* is purportedly the man's *idée fixe*: "He warmed to the idea of manufacturing from grass oils," Don Herrington has said, "because with all of his perfumes, that had been an area of his particular interest." And so the smell we have here is smart and green, and dusky and glossy: if emeralds could sweat, this is what they would smell like.

How close is that to the smell of sinsemilla marijuana? This is obviously a subjective judgment. Of all the folks I've tried this perfume on, the consensus has been apparent. Insofar as the scent of sinsemilla partakes of the scent of pine, people agree that this smell has that element of sinsemilla about it; but it's still not a "piney" smell at all, in the sense that Herbal Essence shampoo has a piney aroma. This stuff no more *counterfeits* the smell of pine than does sinsemilla itself. There is a *memory* of the *idea* of "pine" in here, but it shifts and shades into other associations the moment you try to zero in on it. The readiest association I inevitably encounter, when I go looking for "pine" in this aroma, is fancy pastel-colored women's underwear neatly folded and packed into an antique cedar chest. Yes sir, these veteran perfumers certainly do know how to put together aromas which get people to thinking interesting things about each other.

Still and all, the association between

this aroma and the specific aroma of sinsemilla marijuana is necessarily no tighter nor more inescapable than its association with Renaissance wallflowers or ladies' lingerie. I have smelled real opium too, and Yves St. Laurent's "Opium"; and though I like both smells very much indeed, I am wholly unable to confirm or deny whether the sordid Burmese narcotic has the least thing in common with this elegant Frog aroma. (I much prefer the odor of the narcotic, really, which has a surprising taste of *malt* in it somewhere.) *A fortiori*, any association between *Sinsemilla pour la fleur femelle* and seedless *Cannabis indica* has to partake, to a critical degree, of classical placebo mechanics. In this, Don Herrington shines.

"Perfume is worn as an attractant, primarily a sexual attractant," Don Herrington will remind your typical enchanted female talk-show host (shooting a few coy inches of alabaster shirt-cuff as he casually flicks back a rogue forelock of alabaster hair). "People made love in the grass thousands of years before they made love in bed."

Ah, milady—wouldst thou have some dry Lorenz? "It's my feeling that this anthropological conditioning we had as human beings is turned on more by the acid-sweet green smell," Don will frown, inviting her to concentrate a second on the solid knot of his dark tie. "I don't know that our minds have lost that conditioning yet."

On women, indeed, I have discovered that this smell inclines me greatly to the notion of getting horizontal with them on some congenially turfy surface, and twining as the ivy twines about the garden gate in the pale moon's shine—but there, I'm a notoriously cheap date. On *me*, I find that women greatly appreciate the aroma of Herrington's "Stash" cologne—but there, I always stink like a sump in the summer anyhow (summer or *winter*), and I suspect it would do me no harm to spray myself with Raid bugkiller, if it were in my style to wear any scents at all. I am not, I'm afraid, the ideal person to go around market-researching new perfumes.

Don Herrington is much better at this sort of thing, and from the looks of it, he's got the long-range futures nailed up tight. Now that no one else in the United States can legally merchandise a Sinsemilla™ (registered trademark) perfume, Herrington is in the process of stocking store shelves all over the land with his neatly designed amber vials of *parfum pour la fleur femelle*. Most bril-

/ continued on page 96

HIGH TIMES HIGH TIMES HIGH

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3	Airplane T-Shirt	APB			
	SM MED LG X-LG				
			_____	× \$ 7.00 =	\$_____
4	Centerfold T-Shirt	HTC			
	SM MED LG X-LG				
			_____	× \$ 7.00 =	\$_____
5	Baseball Jersey	CJ			
	SM MED LG X-LG				
			_____	× \$10.00 =	\$_____
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7	HIGH TIMES Binder (holds 12 issues)	BD			
			_____	× \$ 9.95 =	\$_____
8	HIGH TIMES Lighter	LT			
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53. Jan. '80



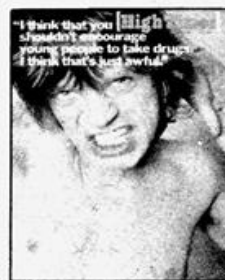
54. Feb. '80



55. Mar. '80



56. Apr. '80



58. June '80



59. July '80



60. Aug. '80



62. Oct. '80



64. Dec. '80



65. Jan. '81



66. Feb. '81



67. Mar. '81



69. May '81



71. July '81



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FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

Text by Akbar del Piombo
Pictorials by Rubington

Fuzz Against Junk was first published in Paris in 1959. Long out of print, we chanced upon a tattered copy that, rumor had it, was found in the waiting room of the Big Wong Massage Parlor in downtown Shanghai. Like the beautiful, lithe masseuses there, the manuscript has aged gracefully, and we are proud to present it to another generation of ne'er-do-wells.

Sir Edwin Fuzz enjoying an hour of leisure in his London club. Foremost narcotics expert of the United Kingdom and sleuth par excellence, he reads, unaware of the impending significance for himself, stories of the sudden outbreaks of violence ravaging the streets of New York...



Brutal knifings...



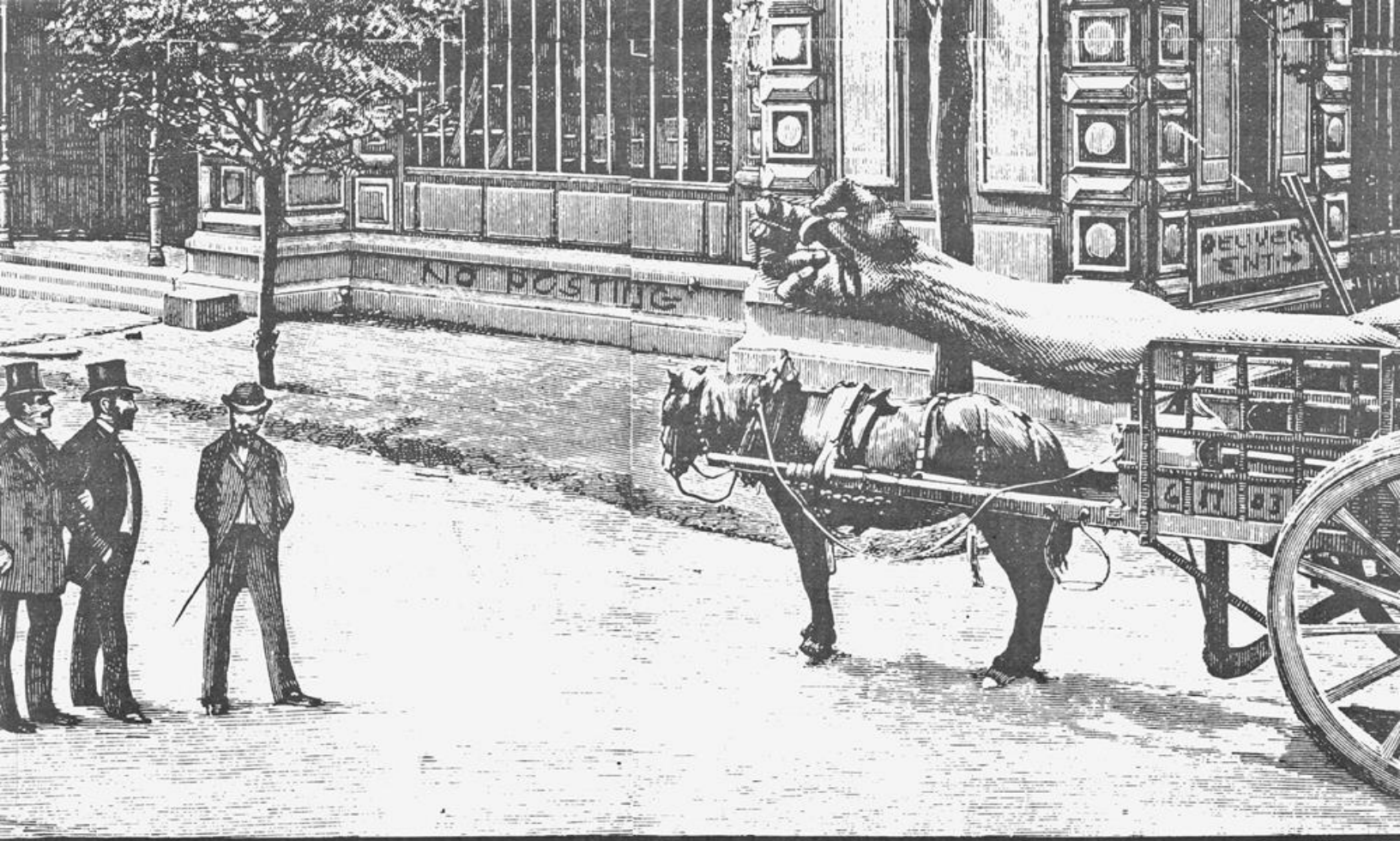
Wilful murders...



Odious rape and theft...



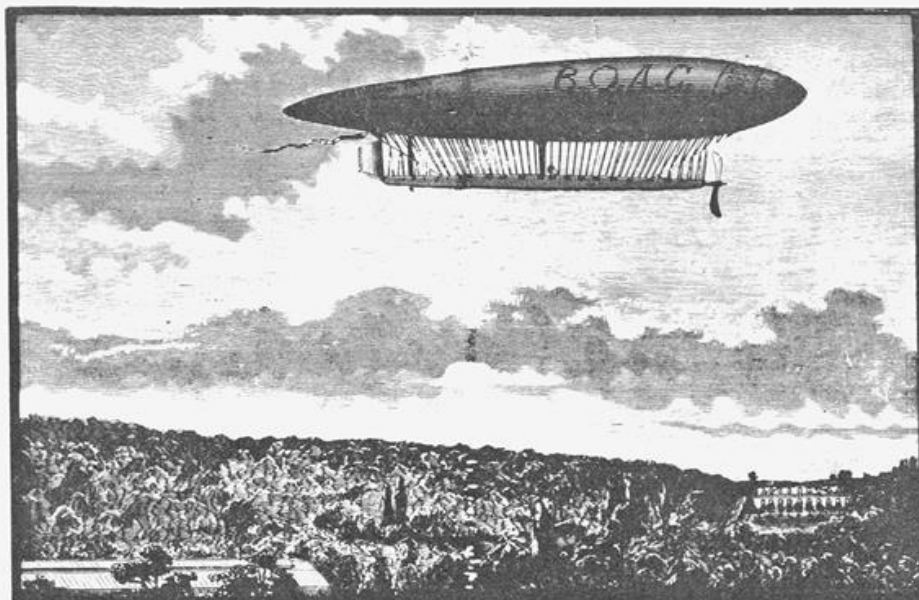
Sudden deaths due to narcotics...



And the most hideous case of the swollen corpse: death induced by an overdose of heroin. Faced with an outbreak of criminality which reached Gargantuan proportions, the New York police, their back against the wall, had no recourse but wire an urgent message to Sir Edwin Fuzz requesting his services to help them smash the drug ring responsible for all this mayhem.



Consequently Sir Edwin Fuzz, flattered in the extreme by the request, promptly secured his temporary release from duty and after one more Scotch in the club, ordered a cab for the airport, and bade farewell to England.



He left London Airport at 8:30 sharp for a flight that was calm and uneventful.

Arriving in secret in New York, Sir Edwin's first view of the city's life convinced him it was a seething hell of criminality.

Little time was lost in acquainting the famous detective with the methods and facilities at his disposal. He was noted to scrutinize the women with exceptional attention: "Know your enemy," he explained, "that is the keystone of my methods."



A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

DE LOREAN VERDICT: ON THE MONEY!

Twelve citizens send a message to Washington. by Bob LaBrasca

IHAD MY MONEY ON JOHN DE LOREAN. Quite literally. The bet went down a month or two after the FBI/DEA made that seemingly incriminating videotape of ol' John—in the hotel room with a suitcase full of coke, talking about how it was "better than gold"—and busted him on the spot.

It happened like this: HIGH TIMES editor-in-chief Larry Sloman was on the phone with Abbie Hoffman, that pinko champion of unpopular causes, who was back on the street and the speakers' circuit after serving his own term for cocaine conspiracy. Knowing Hoffman was not averse to the occasional wager, I nudged Sloman and said loudly, "Tell Abbie I've got fifty dollars that says De Lorean walks."

Hoffman heard me. "Not guilty, or just serves no time?" Sloman asked as intermediary.

Hmm, I thought, people with De Lorean's money don't actually serve sentences. I might be able to finesse a sure thing here. "Serves no time," I answered.

Larry shook his head. Abbie wasn't falling for it.

"Okay," I shouted, "no convictions on any of the eight counts. Innocent across the board. Fifty bucks says he walks clean!"

"You've got it," said Larry instantly, with a little smirk.

Over the next year and a half or so, I did wonder now and then whether I'd made a fool's bet, what with the defense attorneys talking with straight faces about high-level British-American conspiracies to sabotage the De Lorean auto plant in Northern Ireland. I knew *that* would never fly, and I'm still not sure it wasn't a red herring set loose by the defense team to lead the prosecutors off the scent.

But, as we all know now, John—"Praise the Lord!"—got off. And Abbie says the check is in the mail. So, here, for what it's worth, was my thinking behind that bet:

Sure, the government runs this kind of entrapment scam all the time: In the lab-sting operations HIGH TIMES has exposed over the last few years they probably went a lot further to lure "innocent" people into crime. And they virtually always win those cases; there were more than a adequate legal precedents to nail De Lorean's hide to the wall. But who had ever been granted the kind of trial that was guaranteed to John De Lorean?

Money had a lot to do with it, of course. Anyone with De Lorean's track record would spend whatever was necessary for his own defense, which would involve not only the undivided efforts of radiant legal talent, but dynamic investigators as well. They'd be provided with the resources to go everywhere and unearth every conceivable detail of why and how De Lorean was targeted, "investigated" and ushered through his crime. The case would be an international media event, and with the eyes of the world on them, the defense, the prosecution and the Court would be at their jurisprudential best. There was little doubt that the millionaire entrepreneur would receive the full benefit of his rights under the Constitution.

There were also profound weaknesses in the government's case, the most obvious of which was James T. Hoffman (no relation to the gambler), the paid snitch who had made the initial contact with De Lorean. He was a drug criminal himself, working off his own coke bust, and he was on record as having perjured himself in a previous case. There were no tapes of, nor any witnesses to, the conversation in which De Lorean was alleged to have approached him about a drug deal, so there was no proof it wasn't Hoffman that raised the subject. Even the government's version of the sting had De Lorean as a junior partner in a transaction where all the principals were federal agents.

Lots of people had been sent to prison

on flimsier evidence than the feds had against De Lorean, but I was willing to wager American money that 12 folks good and true, presented with *all* the available facts by first-rate defense attorneys, would vote for acquittal in a case like this. After all, in a democracy the citizens, the people who sit on juries, are sovereign. It should be simple to convince them that their employees, the police, have work to do; and shouldn't be wasting their employer's money creating crimes for the publicity they may gain by solving them.

Apparently, the De Lorean jury did realize that. One of them, interviewed on the day the verdict was returned, said that it was the panel's intention to "send a message to Washington" that they disapproved of this kind of police activity. Bully for them.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, FBI Director William Webster and Attorney General William French Smith were quick to deny that the De Lorean verdict would affect federal sting operations in any way. Elsewhere in Washington, NORML Director Kevin Zeese asked, "How can they ignore it? It's just too big."

But De Lorean's just the tip of the iceberg. We see this kind of crap all the time. Drug enforcement is the iceberg. De Lorean is just a high-profile case that people saw.

"Hopefully, reporters will be more questioning of law enforcement statements and law enforcement activities, and also realize that there's more out there they've been aware of. Using the National Guard, using paraquat, using aerial surveillance for marijuana, setting up the chemical supply houses, putting chemical ads in HIGH TIMES: they're the same kind of devious, constitutionally questionable law-enforcement techniques. That's the iceberg."

Right on, Kevin. But I hope they keep busting the big shots. This is a wonderful way to make money.

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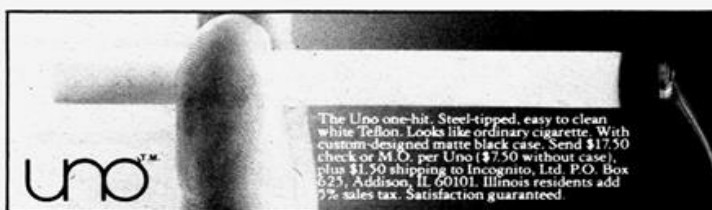
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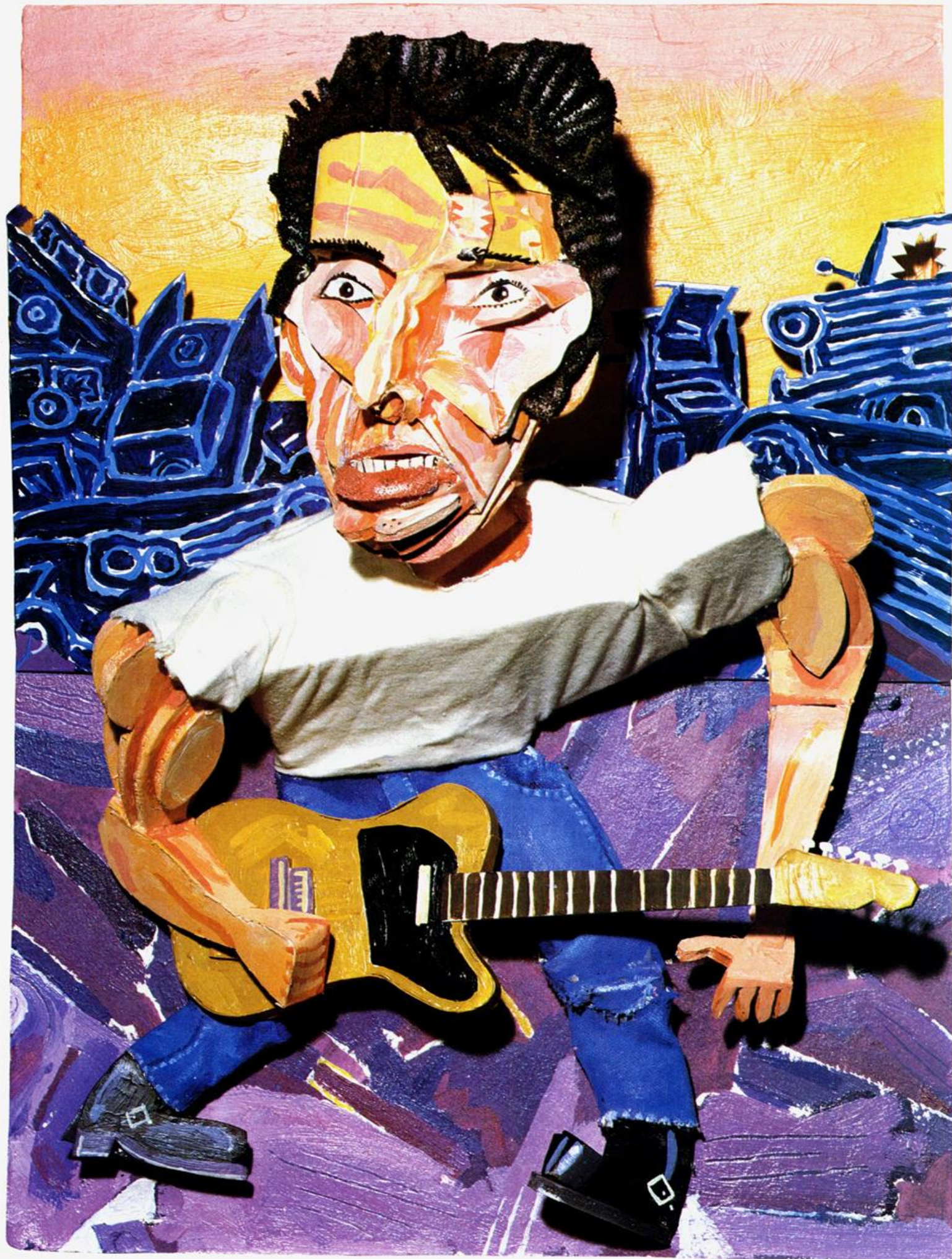
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3-D illustration by Wayne White

BOSS OF THE USA

Springsteen brings it all back home.

by John Swenson

The Story So Far. In the past decade Bruce Springsteen has gone from being a brilliant and eccentric songwriter/guitarist/vocalist with an avid cult following to becoming a legend in his own time. Springsteen is as much a mythic figure as rock 'n' roll has ever produced—he's an American hero with the stature of Paul Bunyan or John Wayne. Widely viewed as a man of unshakable values and principles founded on the heart of rock 'n' roll, Springsteen fans have looked to Bruce for the kind of spiritual leadership usually associated with charismatic leaders like Meher Baba or David Bowie.

Early in his career Springsteen had been declared the future of rock 'n' roll, a prediction that was realized when he released his classic *Born to Run* LP, appeared on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek* and went on endless concert tours that brought him to every corner of the nation. A big part of the magic of Springsteen's live performances was that no two shows were the same. Fans would try to attend as many concerts as possible in order to see the widest range of material and to compare the differences in Springsteen's renditions of individual songs from night to night.

At the turn of the '80s Springsteen had become America's biggest rock 'n' roll star, and he consolidated this position with the sprawling, ambitious two-record set *The River* and his longest, most demanding and exhaustive concert tour yet. That was four years ago, and in the ensuing time popular music has gone through fundamental changes that have brought it further away than ever from the standards that Springsteen has always championed. Fashion has taken an unprecedented advantage over musical content; the rise of the promotional video has created a new generation of performers more interested in proving their worth as actors in mini-features than on the rock 'n' roll stage or in recording studios.

The rock 'n' roll world has metamorphosed dramatically since Springsteen ended his *River* tour in

'81. Springsteen fans mostly feel those changes have been for the worse, and Bruce's return to both the record charts and the concert stage is viewed by those fans as the antidote to the scene's current malaise.

The Tour. Though the wait may have seemed like an eternity, Springsteen fans have not been disappointed. This past June 29, Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band began their 1984 tour at the St. Paul, Minnesota, civic center. The tour continued through Riverfront Coliseum in Cincinnati, the site of the Who tragedy in which a number of fans were crushed to death a couple of years ago. Bruce went on to play Cleveland, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, Saratoga Springs and Detroit before the tour reached its first climax with an unprecedented 10 straight shows through August at Brenden Byrne Arena in the Meadowlands complex in New Jersey. Springsteen was the first performer at that arena in July of 1981 at the close of the *River* tour—that was a six-day stint which sold out on Springsteen's home turf in 36 hours. The Meadowlands was ecstatic over Springsteen's decision to come back for 10 dates in a row. "Springsteen's series of concerts will be the longest engagement of any performer in the history of the arena," spokesman Stan Gorlick proudly announced. When the 200,000 seats for the Meadowlands shows were put on sale, the glut of callers to Ticketron offices caused a breakdown in the telephone system. Extra operators were hired, and the Springsteen fans persevered, some callers waiting as long as three hours. Every seat was sold out by the next day.

The Album. *Born in the USA* is Bruce Springsteen's sixth album with the E Street Band, his seventh if you include the stark 1982 solo effort *Nebraska*. The record is self-consciously less ambitious than the double-disc sprawl of *The River*, almost as if Springsteen is trying hard not to detract attention from his live show. Columbia Records

began an elaborate marketing campaign nearly a month before the record's release. One major chain-store buyer called it "The most expensive, best organized prerelease campaign I've ever seen." A single from the album, "Dancing in the Dark," preceded the release of *Born in the USA* by several weeks. With the hot rocker "Pink Cadillac" as its flip-side, the single is a must for Springsteen fans because "Pink Cadillac" isn't included on the album.

The Players. The E Street Band on *Born in the USA* is the same group that Bruce has played with since his fourth album, *Darkness at the Edge of Town*. One of the keys to this band's sound is the dual keyboards of Roy Bittan and Danny Federici. Max Weinberg is the powerhouse drummer who keeps the train on the tracks. (Max has recently published a book of fascinating interviews with drummers.) Garry Tallent anchors the rhythm section with his swinging, supportive bass playing. The big-toned, R&B-style saxophone playing of Clarence Clemons is one of the most recognizable trademarks of Springsteen's band. Bruce as the Boss and Clarence as the Big Man are both the main soloists and the frontmen of the live shows. Clarence's Red Bank, New Jersey, club, Big Man's East, is one of the hottest music spots on the Jersey-shore circuit that spawned Springsteen's organization, and the E Street Band has been known to play unannounced gigs at Clemons' club.

The Controversy. *Born in the USA* may also turn out to be the last time Bruce's friend, partner and musical alter ego, Miami Steve Van Zandt, is part of the E Street Band. Miami Steve shared so much of the same vision as Springsteen over the years that it's very hard to imagine him out of the group; he had always been a mainstay of the E Street sound and had even extended his



reach into the Asbury Jukes, whom he produced and wrote for. Miami Steve played acoustic guitar and mandolin on the record, sang backing vocals and coproduced along with Springsteen, manager Jon Landau and Chuck Plotkin. Oddly enough, Steve played on the record but subsequently left the group and was not part of the tour. In his place, playing second guitar and some leads, was veteran Nils Lofgrin.

Just before *Born in the USA* was released, Van Zandt released his second album under the name Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul. Van Zandt has gone on record to say that he felt the time had come to front his own band on tour. His replacement for the Springsteen tour, Nils Lofgrin, is a solid choice who takes nothing away from the band's sound. Lofgrin is not part of the New Jersey musical brotherhood that Springsteen has always drawn his groups from, hailing instead from Washington, D.C., where he got his start playing in a band called Grin and guesting with another D.C.-area legend, Roy Buchanan. In between recording some listenable but only modestly successful albums with Grin and under his own name, Lofgrin joined the original Crazy Horse Band and became a valued sidekick in some of Neil Young's projects, particularly *After the Gold Rush*. Nils has also guested with Springsteen, and despite some of the fine work he's done on his own, you have to conclude that Lofgrin works best as a featured sideman. The E Street Band will certainly miss the energy and spiritual leadership of Miami Steve Van Zandt, but with Lofgrin in the lineup they will not be hurt musically by Van Zandt's absence.

The Songs. The album includes 12 songs, several of which are among the finest pieces of character sketching Springsteen has ever written. The album is not conceptual—each song stands on its own—but there is an overall feeling conveyed when the record is taken as a whole.

Born in the USA. The dramatic drums-and-vocals opening of this title track sets the stage for one of Springsteen's most powerful songs, a tale told by a drifting Vietnam veteran with no job, no future and a past he'd rather forget. What makes the song so powerful is that

the protagonist has the drive to keep going—though his situation is bleak, there's life in his voice and hope in the line "I'm a cool rocking daddy in the USA."

Cover Me. Here Springsteen's reaction to the tough times and the rough world outside is to look for redemption through love. The track opens with a piercing guitar solo from the Boss and breaks to a chunky R&B beat for the rest of the song.

Darlington County. One of Springsteen's joyful tunes about hitting the open road and going for broke. By the end of the song, however, there's a surprise twist that turns the whole thing on its head when Bruce sees his road buddy handcuffed to the bumper of a state trooper's car.

Working on the Highway. Like "Darlington County," this is a joyous song with a grim bottom line. Springsteen creates another one of his downtrodden characters that won't quit here, a man who goes from working on the highway to a brief moment of freedom before landing in the hands of the law and ending up being forced to work on the highway again.

Downbound Train. This time

**On *Born in the USA*,
Springsteen
summons back
the spirit that
got him
started on his
rock 'n' roll
crusade.**

the grim message is not redeemed by joyous music, as the song is a hymn to depression, lost opportunities, an evocation of silent, screaming agony. Springsteen draws dreamlike, cinematic images of a man whose life is ruined by a crumbling economy when he loses his job and his woman ends up leaving him.

I'm on Fire. An understated but extremely powerful song, "I'm on Fire" is a rare glimpse at unbridled lust and passion from Springsteen, whose good times have usually been expressed in physical imagery rather than the potential orgone energy he reveals here.

No Surrender. Here's an anthem in the "Born to Run" tradition. The exhilarating music underscores Springsteen's message: "No retreat, baby no surrender." Bruce is summoning back the spirit that got him started on his rock 'n' roll crusade in the first place, and even though the lyrics reveal some nagging doubts, there's little question that the evocation of schoolboy promises is successful.

Bobby Jean. This is another song looking back to a simpler day when the first commitments to the rocker's life were made. There's an added poignance here and a dedication to shared experience that has led a lot of people to think this song is Springsteen's final salute to Miami Steve Van Zandt. "I'm thinking of you and all the miles in between," Springsteen sings toward the end.

I'm Goin' Down. This hard-rocking, emotional release of a song capsulizes the feeling of freedom from a lover's tyranny. The song is about a girl who's putting her boyfriend down to the point where he's so bummed out he gets disgusted. When Springsteen sings "I'm goin' down down down down," the excitement makes the song an anthem to freedom.

Glory Days. Here Springsteen dips into the memory bank once again to recall past moments of glory. The hard-hitting drive of the song makes the bittersweet message of lost opportunities and fading powers less tragic than ironic. Toward the end of the song he starts to vow that he'll never look back on his past like that, but has to laugh at himself: "time slips away and leaves you with nothing mister but boring stories of glory days."

Dancing in the Dark. The first single off of *Born in the USA* sounds like it was written with dance-oriented playlists in mind. The song is markedly different from the straight-ahead rockers that dominate the rest of the record, turning on a sequencing synthesizer riff that locks the drum pattern into that computer sound that characterizes disco programming. The melodic riff is haunting in Springsteen's best romantic tradition, but the lack of freedom in the rhythm section makes the song stand out from the rest of the album like a sore thumb.

My Hometown. Springsteen closes the record with a stark, morose song of decay and death that is strongly reminiscent of *Nebraska*. Springsteen grew up in Freehold, New Jersey, a town which could certainly model for the forgotten, abandoned landscape that Bruce evokes in the song, but the hometown in question could be anybody's because the song is really about changing times and the fact that childhood memories can't keep the world from passing you by.

◆ ◆ ◆
San Francisco '83, Albert King (Fantasy F-9627). This is Albert King's first record in almost half a decade, and his first good one in far too much longer a time. The distinctive big-voiced guitar style and slick vocalizations that have made him an important influence on guitarists since the '50s and brought him to unprecedented popularity with young white audiences in the late '60s has been muted over the last decade by halfhearted attempts to structure events around his recording sessions. The virtues of *San Francisco '83* are all in its simplicity—a solid rhythm section sets the stage for King to strut his stuff, and he responds with a great performance both playing and singing. The material is a good mix of Albert King standards and covers of B.B. King ("Ask Me No Questions") and Muddy Waters ("Honey Bee").

Sons of Heroes, (MCA 39010). Even Bill Wyman's production presence can't save this band from delivering terminal boredom.

Where Angels Fear to Tread, Heaven (Columbia BFC38937). *Aqarrgh!!!* These heavy-metal clones

spread the style across this record like so much chunky peanut butter. Definitely roof-of-the-mouth territory.

Bodies and Souls, The Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic 80104). More slickly produced *Dance Fever*-style disco fare from this vocal troupe. Stevie Wonder adds a nice harmonica solo to "Spice of Life"; "The Night That Monk Returned to Heaven" is a sappy tribute based around an excerpt from "Round Midnight."

Hammer on a Drum, Payolas (A&M SP64958). This aptly named group needs all the help it can get. Mick Ronson's production has them sounding like washed-out mid-period Mott the Hoople.

Taylor's Wailers (Prestige OJC-094). Part of the awesome jazz reissue series Prestige has been releasing, this album documents drummer Art Taylor's first work as a band-leader in superb settings. Most of the record is devoted to tracks by Taylor's late-'50s working group, Taylor's Wailers—trumpeter Donald Byrd, tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, pianist Ray Bryant, bassist

**Steel Pulse
proves reggae
can be
successfully
adapted to the
commercial
trappings of
Babylon.**

Wendell Marshall, alto saxophonist Jackie McLean and Taylor on drums. The highlights of this band's performances are two Thelonious Monk compositions, "Off Minor" and "Well You Needn't," which were arranged and conducted by Monk himself. Also included is one track, "C.T.A.," by a quartet consisting of Taylor, John Coltrane on tenor sax, Paul Chambers on bass and Red Garland on piano.

Earth Crisis, Steel Pulse. (Elektra 960315-1). Another strong outing from Jamaica's hard-skanking quintet proves that reggae music can be successfully adapted to the commercial trappings of Babylon. The sound here is roots in its directness, and the urgency of what is certainly a universal message is compelling: "Misguided people don't seem to care/Carry the seal of the eagle and the bear/. . . Superpowers have a plan/Undermine the third-world lands." Shrewd use of state-of-the-art recording technology allows the group to achieve an instrumental clarity and separation in the mix uncharacteristic of the thick impasto most of the finest reggae is known for. "Steppin' Out," "Throne of Gold," "Bodyguard" and "Grab Education" are all outstanding tracks.

Live at the Moonshadow, The Heartfixers (Landslide LD 1007). The Heartfixers, an Atlanta-based quartet spearheading the "blue wave" of Southern bands playing classic blues, covers everything from Freddy King to Muddy Waters with amazing drive and versatility. Guitarist Tinsley Ellis has a deftly synthetic style that melds ideas from wildly disparate sources into a delightfully flamboyant delivery that ensures good times at any Heartfixers gig. Frontman "Chicago" Bob Nelson is a superior harpist whose husky, down-home vocals ensure the band's authenticity. Any doubters should check the steaming version of Muddy Waters' "Walkin' thru the Park" included here. Many good blues bands lose their live energy when they go into the studio, but the Heartfixers decided not to worry about that problem by making their debut release a live album, and it's a driving, irresistible set from start to finish. □

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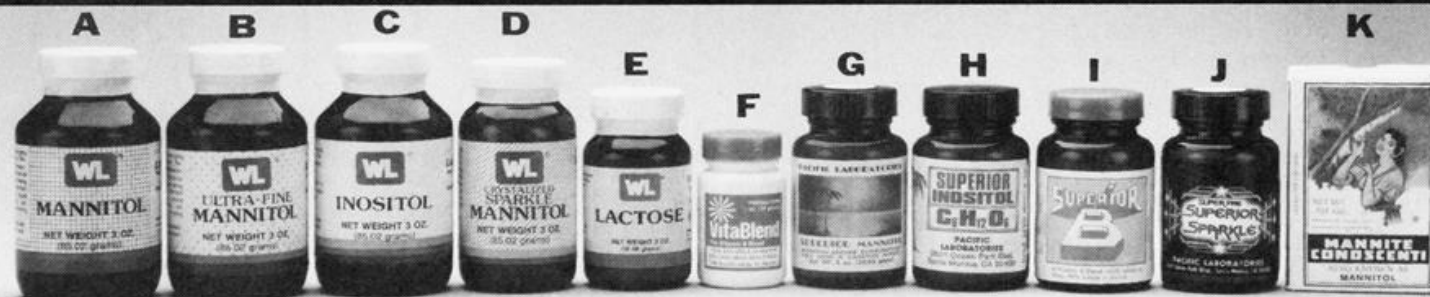
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■ *Under the Volcano*

Director: John Huston. Scenarist: Guy Gallo. With Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews.

The subject of this film is anguish—a man falling apart, a marriage fallen apart, a culture and a country descending, at least on the fringes, into barbarism and fascism—and everywhere rot and decay and a heat that bakes the flesh and wrings out sweat. Strange, then, that the tone of *Under the Volcano* is rather

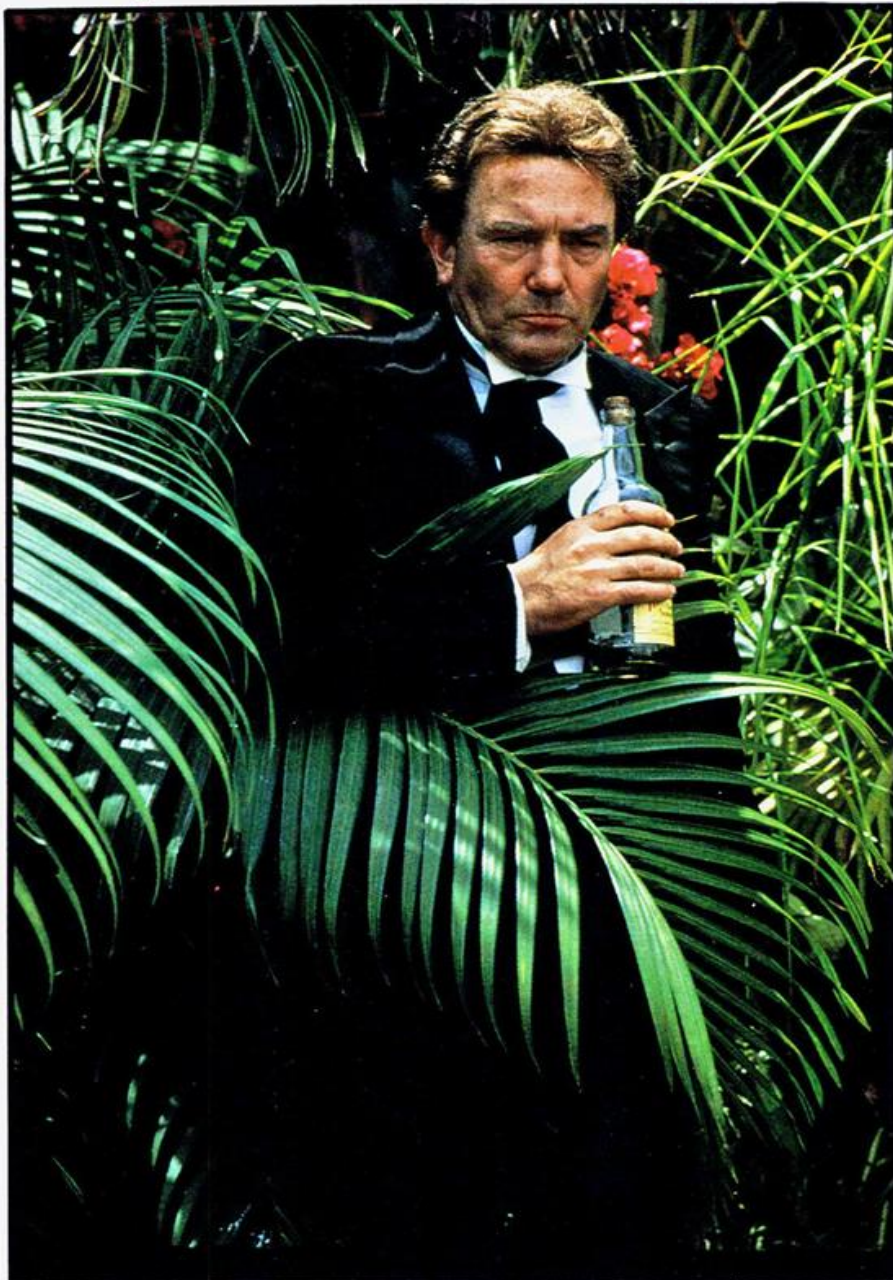
gusty, funny and ribald; that despite all this pain and decay and impending doom, the world we see here has great vitality; that the possibilities of life have not vanished, even though the lives of the three main characters (a drunken consul, his ex-wife and his adulterous half-brother) seem to have hit a dead end.

That may be the key,

the dark heart of John Huston's film of the great Malcolm Lowry novel—death in a tropical climate, death in the midst of vibrant, pulsing life; the Day of the Dead in Cuernavaca, a robustly delirious festival with candy skulls and skeleton toys and revelers garbed as the devil; the last day of Consul Geoffrey Firmin's life, the day of his revelation, the day of reckoning.

It may be possible to quibble with this film as a *transcription* of Lowry's novel. (How could any film, really, recreate the dense, hallucinatory weave, the jeweled prose and majestic lifts and cadences of Lowry's writing?) But stacked against the other American movies of our era, it's extraordinary. It has a measured rhythm and a consistent, hypnotic power throughout, leading to a fantastic whorehouse scene (set in a den of garish reds and wasted faces, dominated by an amazing dwarf actor named Rene Ruiz who reeks of obsequiousness and evil) that is among the finest sequences Huston ever directed. Huston has always been, along with Orson Welles, Hollywood's best director of "fine literature": the better his source, usually, the better he is. Here he has a firm hand on his material, a story he obviously relishes, and a cinematographer, Gabriel Figueroa (Bunuel's most frequent collaborator), who can

by Michael Wilmington



● *Albert Finney finds the message in the bottle.*

capture all the crawling heat and wormy incandescence of this mythical Cuernavaca on the Day of Judgment. And Huston also has an actor, Albert Finney, who plays Firmin with the kind of suddenly magnificent bravura that a John Barrymore or a Peter O'Toole or a Robert Newton often captured when they were three sheets to the wind, roaring in the teeth of life's gales. Finney tames the leering hamminess of "Sir" in *The Dresser*. In this performance, where agony underlies every joke, pain every gambol, misery and gusto combine to paint a character hilarious and pathetic all at once—a character that never loses his stature even as

he disintegrates before our eyes.

Under the Volcano is something fine and rich, a requiem for the good that dies in everyone, dreams that sink into the earth like spilled wine. It is something of which John Huston, who has always specialized in stories of absurd triumphs and glorious failures, should be deeply proud.

■ *After the Rehearsal*

Director: Ingmar Bergman. With Erland Josephson, Ingrid Thulin, Lena Olin.

A beautifully acted, eerily disturbing, seamlessly brilliant "cineplay" shot for Swedish television. *After the Rehearsal*, in keeping with Bergman's recent vow that Fanny and

Alexander was to be his last "film," was shot on one almost unadorned set (representing a bare stage after the rehearsal), with only three speaking parts—Erland Josephson as Henrik Vogler, the renowned director (and obvious Bergman-surrogate); Lena Olin as Anna Egermann, a slightly neurotic young actress with whom he carries on a veiled flirtation; and Ingrid Thulin as Rakel—whom we first perceive as an aging, pathetic, alcoholic actress bedeviling Henrik, and then as a key figure from his past—and Anna's—who only exists in his mind.

It goes without saying that the acting is beyond praise; anyone, by now, who does not recognize Bergman's transcendent skill with actors is simply blind or stubborn. More remarkable, perhaps, is the brilliance of the writing—which carries us from a seemingly diamond-hard lucidity and clarity to deep, all but fathomless mysteries—and the adroit, perfectly judged staging and camerawork (Sven Nykvist, of course), which keeps every moment of the "play" cinematically alive and bristling with suspense.

After the Rehearsal is a hair-raising rumination on a man's relationship to the past, to his craft, to illusion, to his own mind and soul. It is probably (with *Wild Strawberries* and *Hour of the Wolf*) one of Bergman's most deeply personal reflections on "the artist"—and, in its "limited" way, it is as masterly as *Fanny and Alexander* or that other "cheap" TV film, *Scenes from a Marriage*. I found it inspiring, exciting, deeply moving. However, if you're like that couple behind me, if you feel cheated when a lot of money isn't visible on the screen, if stunning technique, rich ideas and artistic grandeur aren't enough for you—well, you'll find plenty of places to exercise your tastes elsewhere.

■ *Electric Dreams*

Director: Steve Barron. With Lenny von Dohlen, Virginia Madsen, Maxwell Caulfield.

Another high concept that should have been allowed to soar off into the stratosphere untouched by human hands, unfinanced by earthly studios. Here it is: absentminded, dorky but sensitive guy falls in love with bouncy, beauteous girl cellist. Desperate, he enlists his computer

to win her heart with electronically composed Giorgio Moroder soft-rock techno-pop. Computer complies—but its synapses and circuits get all screwed up from a spilled bottle of champagne. The machine develops a crush, too, and decides to battle it out with his master to the last bloody silicon chip.

Producer-scenarist Rusty Lemorande, who "high conceived" this one on the Chicago subway, can pitch a concept but he can't write a script. Maudlin preachments and banal, derivative drivel stolen from a dozen other successful movies he can manage, but originality, imagination or wit baffle and elude him completely. On the other hand, first-time director Steve Barron (only 27 and a veteran of a hundred-plus rock videos) can whirl a

Electric Dreams is another high concept that should have been allowed to soar off into the stratosphere untouched by earthly studios.

camera around a set; he can aim it from dozens of angles you might not have believed possible and dazzle you senseless with computer graphics—but he can't seem to direct actors. However, in the midst of all this high-tech drivel, three contributors do manage, surprisingly, to cover themselves with glory. Cinematographer Alex Thomson (*Excalibur*) handles every one of Barron's weird setups with total panache; Moroder (occasionally assisted by the Culture Club) once again sets your toes on a trip-hammer beat; and Bud Cort—as the voice of the malign, lovelorn computer, Edgar, gives a scary, whimsical performance that, in any good movie, would be amusing, and here seems almost astonishing.

■ *The Muppets Take Manhattan*

Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzy Bear and the whole Muppet gang graduate from college and decide to take their smash-hit senior musical to Broadway. Predictably, they're in for a lot of hard knocks, mean streets, empty plates, whimsical philosophy and beaming guest stars (including both Joan Rivers and Mayor Koch) before the Great White Way finally succumbs. I went to this one with the best will in the world, having in the past had a fondness for both Manhattan and the Muppets (in small doses)—but, however much the movie wants to summon up the spirit of *Babes in Arms* or *On the Town*, it's such slack vaudeville it's closer to *Zombies on Broadway*. (Directing and writing chores this time were handled not by Muppetmeister Jim Henson but by his ace confrere Frank Oz, who animates Miss Piggy—and Oz is no Wizard.) The good scenes tend to be incidental—a rock nostalgia number with infant muppets, a nicely malodorous band of rat waiters and cooks, one of whom skates on butter pats to grease a skillet—or Dabney Coleman doing another sweaty, beady-eyed macho creep. I also think it's a major error to end this film (however jokingly) with the marriage of Kermit and Mlle. Porker. If there ever was a pair of impossible romantics, a couple that should never get together—even less than Bogart and Bergman in *Casablanca*—it's this amphibian-porcine duo. Can you imagine their wedding night?

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■ Another Country

Director: Marek Kaniévska. Scenarist: Julian Mitchell. With Rupert Everett, Colin Firth.

Films about homosexuality—especially if they try to be honest or nonprejudicial—rarely reach out to a larger audience. *Another Country*, loosely based on the Burgess-McLean spy case, might change all that. It's a strong, subtle, beautifully acted film. Its thesis, basically, is that Guy Burgess (or "Guy Bennett") spied for and ultimately defected to Russia because British society—hypocritical, stratified, elitist—was intolerant of his "flaw," a flaw shared, on some level or other, by many of the people who wound up ostracizing him. The Guy Bennett we see here is witty, effete, languid, tossing off rapier jibes at his more traditionalist school-fellows while pursuing a defiant, barely veiled promiscuity that suddenly evolves into "true love" and dooms him. All sorts of ironies permeate the story: many of Bennett's classmates who have homosexual liaisons are "saved" by their discretion. And Bennett's best friend (whom, in many ways, he loves more than the blond schoolboy who acts as his Circe) is a tough, straight Marxist named Tommy Judd (Firth)—one of the handful at the school, apparently, who *isn't* implicated in the cautious, secret circle of lust.

This is a film of reverie and romance (framed by reminiscences of the septuagenarian Bennett in his gray and sterile Moscow exile), cleverly written by Julian Mitchell (who adapted his West End play), acted with bright and bitter fervor by both Everett and Firth (both of them a bit old for the roles, but somehow the whole air of reverie kills the incongruity) and directed with high sensitivity and intelligence by British TV director Kaniévska (in his feature debut). It's a film of Eton greens, cricket, boats drifting on the river, schoolboy sadism, secret glances and passions that damn. And, highly romantic as it is, it has a lucidity that bites, a compassion and insight that sting.

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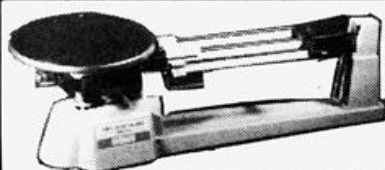
■ Careful, He Might Hear You

Director: Carl Schultz. Scenarist: Michael Jenkins. With Wendy Hughes, Robyn Nevin.

A small child (nicknamed, oddly, "P.S.") is tormented and torn in a quietly waged, ultimately vicious custody battle between two of his aunts—one of them poor, earthy and compassionate, the other rich, sleek and neurotic. Gradually we see his worlds—both of them—begin to strain, fragment, even shatter under the pressure of battle. The family's long-buried hatred surges to the surface; P.S.'s father, the real flashpoint for the emotions, remains a rough, enigmatic and largely absent figure in the distant gold mines (leaving P.S. a token of fool's gold to remember him by); and the claws of the widely dissimilar sisters unsheathe and begin to rake over flesh and spirit with lacerating fury.

This film, based on Sumner Locke Elliott's novel, and the winner of eight Australian academy awards, is, in some ways, a triumph of sheer style. The scenery and the settings—vivid evocations of '30s Australia—are like a honeyed tapestry. The extremely subjective camera—mostly keyed to a "child's" low angle—keeps peering at them through delicate frameworks and veilings, curtains, branches, leaves—everything partially screened, opaque, misty—and in this peculiar, overrich atmosphere, with the emotions constantly at a high boil and seethe, we begin to feel the surroundings and perceive the people with a little of a pained child's delicacy and sensitivity. There's a mysteriousness about the film that keeps it from cloying—a suggestion of hidden vile appetites, of unspeakable desires and unnamable acts, horror under the teacups—all those desires that roil and fester beneath the surface of polite bourgeois society. And rarely does any contemporary film try to get so deeply into the pressures that kill love, drive families apart, scar the young. In some ways, *Careful, He Might Hear You* is soap operatic—but it's soap opera on a grand scale, delicately filigreed, done to a fine turn. □

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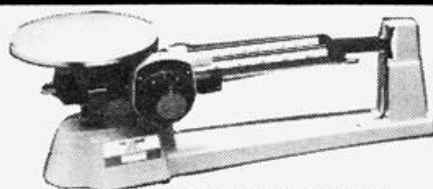
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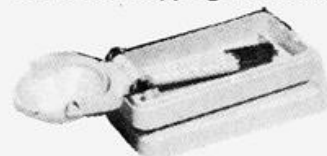
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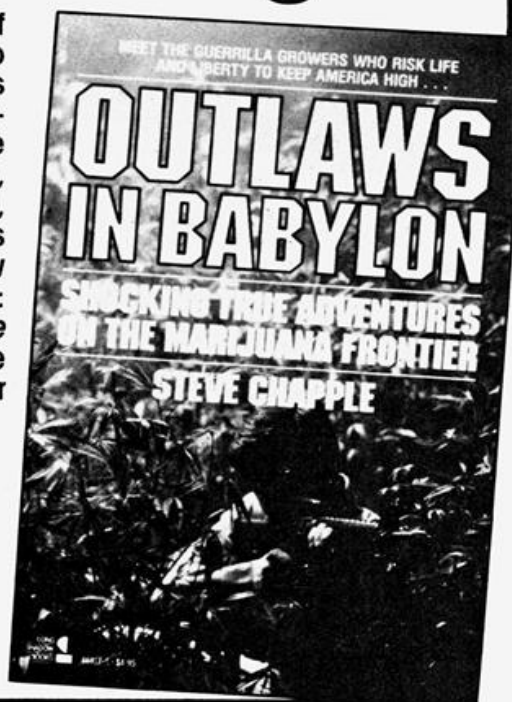
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Don't Vote for Reagan

/ continued from page 14

exposed to a higher level of vision.

As we've noted in recent issues, the Supreme Court has taken giant steps this year toward a new drug prohibition by neutralizing the exclusionary rule—a kind of legal safety valve that might have prevented your being busted for illegally seized evidence or searched because you look weird. This means a much higher paranoia level for us all in years to come, and an even more drastic shift away from social experimentation and radical thought toward a non-threatening and officially approved life-style. Four more years of Ronnie, it should be remembered, would allow him to practically pack the Supreme Court with his cronies—a catastrophe that could leave this country prey to police-state tactics for decades to come—assuming our species would survive that long.

Remember the "psychedelic revolution" that happened back there around the time of the Vietnam War? That was a revolution of *consciousness* that happened then, and one of the first things revealed to us by the new consciousness suddenly made available to us was the futility of violence—the madness of war. And beyond that: the realization of our basic oneness, and the absolute necessity, from the individual to the global scale, of learning to work out our differences nonviolently, and cooperatively, and with love. That realization helped to bring about an end to a war that was suddenly revealed, not only to acid-dropping hippies but acid-dropping soldiers at the front, as a dirty piece of business.

The Reaganites don't want you to remember the war that way, though. In keeping with their crusade against drugs, they would rather have you indulge in flag-waving fantasies and remember that war as one we could have won with just a little more resolve.

Well, we suggest that Election Day 1984 is your chance to do your part in setting these fools straight. The Republican party having succumbed to the will of its most cretinous forces, we urge you to vote against the entire Republican ticket—and strike a blow for freedom, life, and a future existence.

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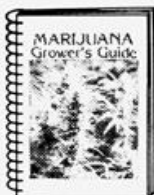
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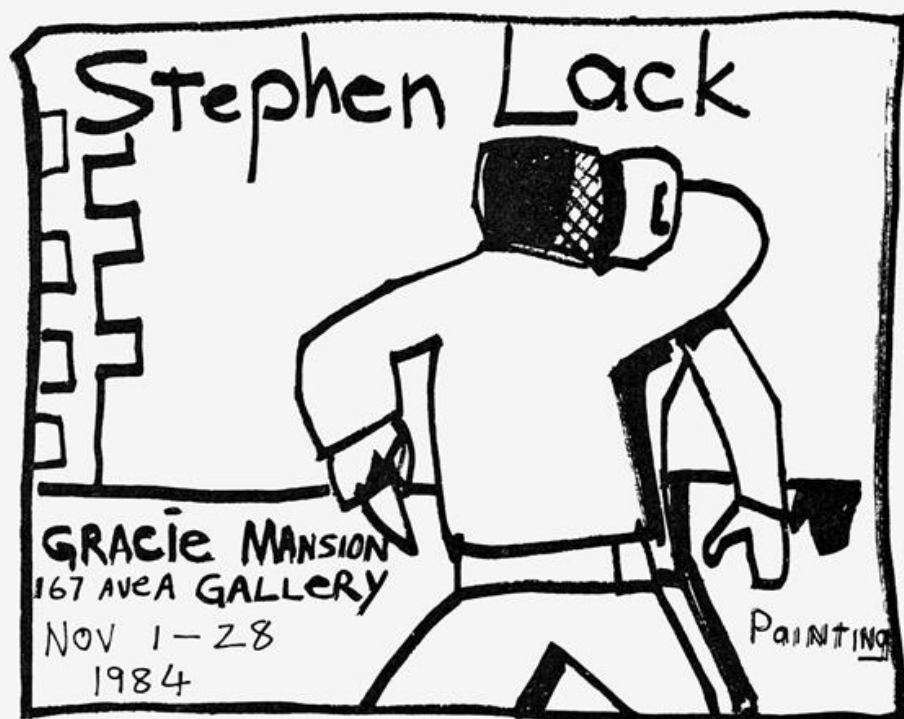
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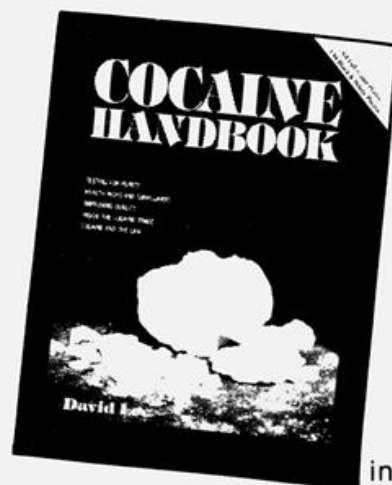
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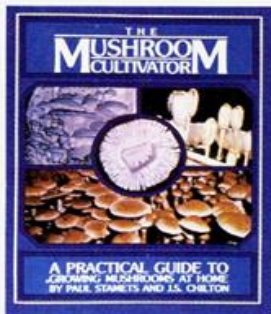
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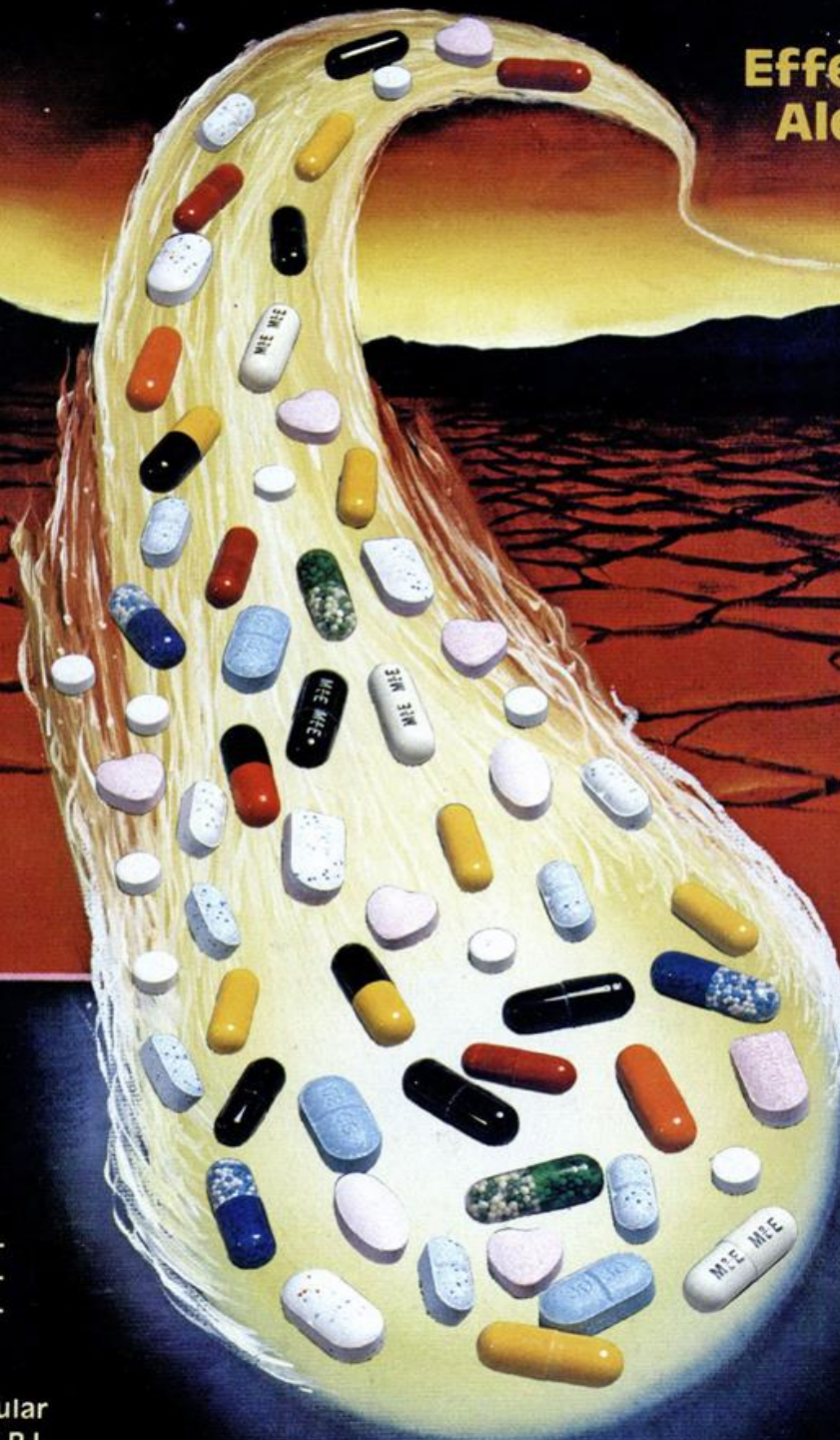
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